JOHN BULL

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...ing of the Bill ...
...ge 111. of Cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. V. No. 133. Saturday, December 19th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We have again to thank friends from all parts of the country for expressions of sympathy and encouragement, and for all kinds of tokens of goodwill and regard. Flowers, horseshoes and other mascots have been reaching us daily, whilst almost every other letter we receive urges us to open a Defence Fund. In deferring our decision upon this kindly proposal, we are not actuated by any sentiment of false pride, nor are we lacking in deep gratitude. We have felt, however, that we ought to first be in a position to form an approximate idea of the financial burden of the case. As to this, we may be better able to speak next week. In the meantime, we grip the hands of all our friends.

The other day Lord Rosebery made an eloquent speech in the House of Lords in defence of the Licensing Bill. Apparently he could see nothing unjust to the brewer, the publican, or the public, in it. But Lord Rosebery, like many others, is fond of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. It is right, he seems to think, to pillage a great trade, but it is also right to make as much out of the drinking habits of the people as possible—for it happens that his Lordship is the owner of several well-known licensed houses in Scotland, and his dealings with the tenants are in striking contrast to his views as expressed in the House of Lords. Among the licensed houses owned by him is "The Cramond Brig" Hotel. Its late tenants were very estimable folk, the kind of tenants sensible landlords like to have, and keep. For three generations the hotel was in the occupation of the family, but the survivors of it, two very respectable women, have recently been turned out to make room for a new tenant at an enhanced rent. Lord Rosebery is also proprietor of the "Hawes Inn," South Queensferry. The original rent of this building was £50. This was before the building of the Forth Bridge, after which the rent was put up to £350, and is now £450. Lord Rosebery may, of course, say that he is entitled to exact a rack rent even in the case of tenants whose tenure has been that of generations. That is quite true—but it doesn't blend with Temperance fervour. What says Sir Thomas Whittaker?

Apropos the earlier closing of public-houses and the reduction of licences as a remedy for drunkenness, it is interesting to find a report on "religion, temperance, and public morals," presented to the Edinburgh United Free Church Presbytery, hesitating to give an opinion on the subject. Listen to this extract:—

> One distressing fact was the increased number of convictions for drunkenness in the city. This painful fact was sometimes placed side by side with ten o'clock closing, and it was suggested in certain quarters that early closing had proved a failure, and had been followed by results the exact opposite of what was looked for. *The Committee did not feel called upon to discuss that statement at present.*

Perhaps these worthy Scotch divines will let us know when they consider the topic ripe for consideration.

Brave words, Mr. Asquith—but somewhat ill-timed. Every self-respecting citizen must object to the hereditary right of the Peers to veto the will of the people. So long as such an element exists in our Constitution we are not a free country. But to talk of abolishing the Veto and leaving untouched the Composition of the Upper House is to talk political balderdash. The more we see of the working of the parliamentary machine in the Commons, the more we are convinced of the necessity for a Second, or Revising, Chamber. The only question is, how shall that chamber be constituted? We have given some ideas of our own on the subject, and the Lords themselves have volunteered a suggestion. Instead of facing this practical aspect of the situation, the Prime Minister barks—at the Veto—but he doesn't bite. To suggest that by rejecting the Licensing Bill the Peers have flouted the opinion of the country is to insult the electors of Mid-Essex, and to treat the principle of popular election with real old-fashioned Tory contempt. Personally, we are glad that the dissolution is to be postponed. A General Election just now would have the effect of so thoroughly vindicating the latest action of the House of Lords as to root it more firmly than ever into the foundations of the British Constitution.

We observe, by the way, that the Premier sneered at the large number of members of the House of Lords whose "names were unfamiliar to the public." If Mr. Asquith wants an interesting indoor game for the Christmas holidays, let him try his hand at writing down, from memory, the names of the 669 hon. gentlemen who are his fellow M.P.'s.

We hear very bad accounts of the health of the Kaiser.

ANOTHER ANAGRAM: Horatio W. Bottomley, M.P.—Try *whom?* "Time"? A plot Boo!! and another—'M! Lor! I am top "bow" yet, tho'.

It will be to the lasting credit of the present Government if, as foreshadowed by the Earl of Crewe, they take means to re-model the Accession Oath so as to relieve the Sovereign of the necessity for insulting and reviling his Roman Catholic subjects. There is good reason to believe that such a course would be highly acceptable to the King. We no longer live in the times of the Stuarts. A larger toleration has abolished all fear of Popish plots against the Crown; and to-day His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects are as loyal and as devoted to his person and to the Constitution as those who are Protestants. The question of the alteration of the Oath has been raised in various ways from time to time, and now that Lord Lansdowne has promised that any proposals the Government may make will receive "the most benevolent consideration" of his friends, it looks as if there is a good chance of the offensive declaration being, at length, deleted. But there will be a bit of a rumpus all the same. Indeed, the proposal may for the moment bring the Church and the Chapel into line.

There is a curious rumour, or perhaps we should say a series of rumours, current in Dublin just now. These whispers relate to Lord Pirrie and the Government, and we give them for what they are worth. The gossip goes that some time back Lord Pirrie agreed to subscribe £150,000 to the Party funds. It was suggested that it should be paid in a lump sum, but finally agreed that it should be paid in three annual instalments of £50,000 each. The conditions were three:—

(1) That Lord Pirrie should be made a peer.

(2) That for this and further moneys expended in another matter, hinted at in John Bull last summer, he should be made a K.P. on the first vacancy.

(3) That in the event of the retirement of Lord Aberdeen he should be made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

It may be a fairy tale—and it may not.

May we add our beseeching word to the appeal of the Rev. Clifford D. Fothergill, vicar of Drax, South Yorkshire? In the ordinary course of his spiritual endeavour, Mr. Fothergill and his wife go district visiting. "We fully appreciate," says the rev. gentleman in his parish magazine, "the interested kindness when we are received in the parlour, but often the room is very cold, and as I write Mrs. Fothergill is in bed with severe rheumatic and throat trouble, brought about by chilling in a cold parlour after becoming heated on the bicycle. If you do not mind us sitting in the kitchen, even on washing day, we shall certainly prefer it." It is a reasonable request—provided that the vicar and his wife promise not to interfere with the progress of the washing. This winter, therefore, the rev. gentleman's parishioners will perhaps give him a less chilly reception. A warm heart in a cold parson is all but unthinkable.

Yet another way of "dealing with the House of Lords." It is the product of the fertile genius of Dr. Clifford, who calls for a solemn league and covenant of 100,000 ratepayers "not to pay a rate of any description after March, 1909, until the House of Lords capitulates." This sort of thing is, of course, utterly absurd; and it is equally futile. It is the Passive Resistance movement over again. Surely Dr. Clifford cannot have learned his lesson. The refusal to pay the Education Rate has not been of the slightest advantage to the settlement of the Education controversy, and the refusal to pay any rates will not do the slightest harm to the House of Lords. Besides, if it is legitimate for Nonconformists to refuse to pay rates whenever they do not get what they want as quickly as they want it it must also be legitimate for Churchmen, Orangemen, Home Rulers, and every other party or sect in similar circumstances. Passive resistance is, in fact, a political boomerang, unless it is the passive resistance of a whole nation, and it would not be worth while for a constitutional nation like Britain to resort to it—the ballot-box should be more effective. Dr. Clifford can make up his mind that when the constituencies want the House of Lords mended or ended, mended or ended it will be. A Prime Minister has but to go to the country on that clear issue, return to the House with an overwhelming majority, and the rest is easy. Without that essential, all else is but an idle beating of the air. And, meanwhile, the House of Lords is very wisely taking itself in hand.

We observe that during our temporary absence from the House of Commons, a considerable amount of Parliamentary poaching upon our preserves is going on. There is our old friend, Jerry MacVeagh, playing at Bank Balances again, and T. F. Richards, of the Labour Party, reviving the question of phantom Boards—which never meet. Still, we don't mind. Indeed, we will forgive them if they like to ask a few questions about the Public Trustee, the Official Receiver, the Treasury, and the Law Officers. It will save us time when we come back.

Mr. Lloyd George has, on more than one occasion, made trenchant attacks on the evils of Trusts. We therefore venture to remind him that the gentleman who accompanied him on his recent continental tour, Mr. C. Solomon Henry, M.P. for Wellington, is the London agent for the Standard Oil Company, which, a few years ago, decided to "corner" the copper market and succeeded in doing so by getting control of most of the large mines. It then formed "The United Metals Selling Company" for the purpose of disposing of its copper, Mr. Henry being the company's London agent, for which he receives a yearly salary of £5,000. We suggest that Mr. Lloyd George should whisper a word into the ear of his friend, hinting that he should adapt his business methods to the doctrines of the new gospel of political purity.

The Civil Service Commissioners frequently invite would-be Civil Servants to "do sums" which are beyond the ken of the ordinary common or garden man, and although we have no fault to find with them on this score, we really feel that they have no right to ask candidates to tackle impossible problems before the day of examination arrives. In the regulations governing appointments as Assistant Civil Engineers in the Admiralty Director of Works Department, the Commissioners say: "He (the Assistant Civil Engineer) will receive a commencing salary of £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £300." We have submitted this "sum" to the office-boy and several other arithmeticians of high standing, but they one and all profess their inability to find the "answer." The office-boy was extremely offensive—so offensive, in fact, that we are considering the advisability of asking him to send in his papers. The secret as to how it is done is no doubt safely locked away in the breasts of the worthy gentlemen who compose the Civil Service Commission. If they will favour us with the answer we shall be glad to publish it for the benefit of mankind.

They have a queer way of making public appointments in Northampton County Council. Recently its Education Committee invited applications for a school attendance officer in the Towcester district. Several persons experienced in the work sent applications with their testimonials. In the form supplied to them they were asked to state whether they could ride a bicycle, take minutes at committee meetings, and attend to thirty schools. Several of the applicants, men of the highest qualifications in all respects, attended, on the invitation of the clerk, at a meeting, where one by one they were interviewed. The interviewing over,

they were asked to return at a later hour. This they did, only to be informed that a Mr. Turner, aged 64, a retired railway stationmaster, receiving £125 a year pension, had been selected. This absurd appointment carries its own condemnation. The only inference possible is that he was chosen by the most objectionable favouritism, and that the Education Committee merely invited the attendance of other candidates to save their faces. This sort of thing is altogether too common with public bodies, and we direct the attention of Mr. Runciman to the matter.

The Publigraph Programme Company, of Nottingham, send us a specimen of the following "Consumer's License"—which had anticipated our recent suggestion:

[PERMIT.]

CONSUMER'S LICENSE.

WHEREAS it may be enacted as Clause I. of the Licensing Bill of 190? that—

"A person residing within the United Kingdom may not be served with alcoholic drink upon licensed premises, *EXCEPT* and in such cases as are hereinafter provided." (*For Exemptions see over.*)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY under Sec. 1 of Clause I., Licensing Act, 190? that *M*..... *of*.....is a fit and proper person to consume alcoholic drink, and may be served with one or more such drink or drinks upon any licensed premises (*as yet unconfiscated*) in the United Kingdom, within the prescribed hours and upon payment of the usual charges.

(*Signed*) JOHN BULL,
Comptroller—Liberty Dept.

Signature of Guarantors for Good Behaviour: BILL SIKES, M.P. / DICK TURPIN, M.P.

The exemptions are:

(1) A person provided with a Consumer's License signed by two Liberal Members of Parliament as guarantors for his or her good behaviour and temperance.

(2) A person in receipt of a Government Old Age Pension, who is thus deemed to have reached the age of discretion.

(3) Members of the House of Lords whilst on Club premises.

(4) Husbands of Suffragettes.

We commend this idea to Mr. Lloyd George for his next Budget.

Another gross instance of magisterial injustice is brought to our notice. A field labourer, engaged for ploughing, took his food with him in a bag, and before commencing work, placed the bag under his coat by a gate near the wayside. By-and-by he returned and commenced to eat his breakfast. Another man, sitting near, watched the labourer eat; also saw him replace some bread and cheese under his coat, and go into the fields. He then helped himself to a bite or two. Charged before the Woodbridge (Suffolk) bench with stealing the food, he was fined 30s., with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment, and this, despite the man's statement that he had been practically without food for three days, and that he had taken the bread and cheese in the hard stress of his hunger. He could easily have taken the coat, and stolen whatever there was in the pockets, but he took the bread and cheese. To fine this penniless and famishing man 30s. was a monstrous farce; to offer him the alternative of seven days in gaol was an unconscionable cruelty; and to trust to the sense of justice in magistrates who can bring their hearts and minds to the infliction of such a sentence is to trust in vain.

But this is not the only case by which the Woodbridge magistrates have earned for themselves an unenviable local notoriety. They have also had before them two Ipswich labourers, charged by a policeman with trespassing in search of game. It seems that there is a local custom, acknowledged even by the policemen, for the proprietor of the shooting to pay a shilling each to men who pick up stray birds. The defendants in the case knew of this custom, and while waiting for a job on the river, they searched about for these birds in the hope of earning a shilling or two for their trouble. On that point the evidence left not the slightest doubt. Nevertheless, the magistrates, on the mere word of the policeman, convicted the two men, whom any jury in the land would have acquitted. It does not even seem to have struck the magistrates as at all singular that a policeman should have nothing better to do than employ himself as gamekeeper for a private individual. Evidently the officer was badly in want of a case, and hauled up these two men in order to make one. Now that we have the Woodbridge magistrates in sight, we shall watch their antics with justice with increasing interest and attention.

The parson Fillingham, who died suddenly while on holiday in Dijon, was a sort of Kensit in holy orders, and on the whole he would probably have been happier in one of the Free Churches. His way was not the episcopal way. If it had been, Nonconformist ministers would often appear in Anglican pulpits and *vice versa*. He had so little respect for the spiritual authority of Bishops that he once "ordained" a priest, while he preached and celebrated Communion with cheerful ardour outside his own "cure of souls," unsanctioned of his ecclesiastical superior. Hating ritualism as he hated the devil, he spent a considerable portion of his earthly life in vigorous combat against it, and his general contumacies were such that the Court of Arches suspended him for two years from his Hexton living. On the whole, he was a fighting parson of a rare kind. Having the courage of all his convictions, and not always the discretion which is the better part of valour, he tried his hardest by all the legal and illegal means he knew to infuse into the Established Church a broader humanity and a wider Christian brotherhood. He was possessed of great gifts as a preacher, at times attaining to real eloquence. When a comparatively young man he became a Jacobite, and went about the country advocating the restoration of the Stuarts. Altogether, he was a weird fellow, but he meant well. Peace, therefore, be unto his ashes, and unto his departed soul rejoicing.

The Committee appointed on the suggestion of the Speaker to consider the whole question of the Strangers' and Ladies' Galleries in the House of Commons have in hand one of those delicate tasks which may well arouse in them the sense of a historic responsibility. Theoretically, any member may espy strangers, and have even the reporters turned out of the House; but in practice the question of clearing the galleries now rests with the Speaker, who is not sympathetic towards a member who, for merely private purposes, essays an imitation of the Parliamentary eccentricities of the long departed Joe Biggar. No doubt the closing of the public galleries has been in a certain sense a relief to members called from comfort in the smoke-rooms or contentions on the floor. They have become not a little shy, too, of conducting more or less strange ladies into the precincts, fearing that their visitors may be Suffragettes in disguise. It is, however, undesirable on general grounds that the galleries should be closed against the public because one or two disorderly men and women have broken faith with their introducers. What recommendations the Committee will make is not for us to say, but the present feeling of members is certainly in the direction of increased strictness.

From time to time the unenterprising character of the British manufacturer and merchant in his foreign trade relations has been illustrated in these columns. It now appears that with the boycott of Austrian goods

in Turkey there is an almost clamorous demand for British goods of all sorts, with practically none in the market to supply it. Were America as near Turkey as England, Constantinople by this time would have been filled with Yankee drummers trying all they knew to collect orders, and as fast as those orders could be shipped the market would be supplied. As an "Englishman in Turkey" puts it in a contemporary, this is the hour of the British merchant's opportunity in Turkey, whose new constitution has almost automatically brought into being an *entente cordiale* of the greatest European significance. Britain's goodwill towards the new Turkey is now one of the national assets of the Ottoman Empire. Turkey's goodwill towards this country has already crystallised into gratitude. If therefore, the British trader allows himself to be cut out of Ottoman markets by the Russian and the German, already busy there, he will have only himself to blame.

Believing with our eminent friend Don Quixote (and with our still more eminent friend Ecclesiasticus), that there is a time for some things and a time for all things, a time for great things and a time for small things, we hold that a Church service is not a time for the interesting and exciting game of nap. Yet on several recent Sundays a party of young men have contracted the habit of playing cards in a back pew of the parish church of Duns, near Berwick, in the land of bonnie Scotland. The game has become so distressing to the minister, indeed, that the other Sunday evening he took occasion to remark from the pulpit that "such unbecoming conduct must cease or stringent measures must ensue." With the rev. gentleman's warning we take leave to associate our admonition. Whether the persons concerned play nap for nuts or for bawbees, their lamentable impropriety calls for immediate cessation. Cards are no more allowable in church than shove ha'penny or skittles. If such things were permitted, other private parties would also take sittings to tell each other funny stories while regaling themselves with baccy and beer.

Speaking at the dinner of the Women Journalists, the Attorney-General stated that "in every town has been set up a shrouded throne—the editorial chair of the local paper. The sceptre had shrunk into the stylograph, and instead of the sword and mace there were the scissors and the pastepot." Now, just as it is one of the amenities of this our mortal life never to mention rope in the house of the hangman, so it is an amenity never to mention scissors and paste at the festive board of a journalist, or at any other place where he is within earshot. These crude but necessary implements of his trade are by the traditions of the craft supposed to be used only in secret service, so much so that in converse with his brethren a journalist never speaks of them. This time Sir William Robson is forgiven, because he cannot be expected to know these things—and, besides, he must be rather worried just now about a certain prosecution.

In the latest issue of the Post Office Circular telephone operators are enjoined to be quite nice to customers. They are directed to avoid all abrupt and uncouth expression, and to say "please" as often as possible. By inference, when a subscriber uses language not permitted in the social converse of the more exquisite drawing-rooms, they should respond with a grateful "Thank you." Further, if the subscriber is kept waiting owing to circumstances beyond the operator's control, the Postmaster-General requires the telephonist to breathe the dulcet apology, "Sorry to have kept you waiting." All this is very delightful, and should lead to an improvement in temper and language at both the official and the public end of the line. If the National Telephone Company will follow the example of the Postmaster-General and put the manners and customs of their maidens into similar commandments, who knows that but we may soon be justified of the assumption that we live in a Christian land?

Whilst he was about it, however, Mr. Buxton might have thrown out a mild suggestion to the general public upon a point of telephone etiquette which cries out loudly for attention. We refer to the despicable habit of some people who call up subscribers and don't trouble to go themselves to the instrument until told by the clerk or the servant that the person wanted is at the other end. It does not seem to occur to these philistines that whereas they are ready to speak the persons they require may be busily engaged; and what is more exasperating than to be called away from some important occupation, only to be told when you come to the 'phone to "wait a minute and I'll fetch Mr. Jones"? Personally, we always put down the receiver in such circumstances, and decline to go to the instrument again till Mr. Jones is there.

For three years the Red Maiden has had no work to do in France, President Fallières having compassionately resolved that no French head shall fall under the knife while he occupies his office. A month ago it looked as if the Chamber of Deputies would abolish capital punishment altogether. The newspaper reporters dug out several apaches from their haunts and enquired whether, when they were convicted of murder, they would rather be chopped or detained in a criminal colony till they died. In every case the answer was in favour of the chopper. But that preference by no means settled the matter. Up to the time of the infamous Solleilland murders probably a majority of deputies and a majority of Frenchmen were inclined to scrap the national guillotines as barbarous instruments of vengeance, unbecoming an enlightened nation. Then public opinion changed round, with the result that the Deputies have now decided to retain them. Notwithstanding, while President Fallières has a stake in the government of the country, murdering Frenchmen will get no chops.

That is a rather hard case which the Manchester justices have decided against James Green, a nineteen-year-old youth, who was charged before them with cruelty to a horse. Green, who hawks fruit for a living, purchased a horse from a man for £2 10s., telling the vendor that he wanted it for his rounds. He did not know much about horses; certainly he did not know when he bought the animal that it was so diseased as to be unfit for work in the streets. When the magistrates decided that the horse must be destroyed, he wept bitterly, saying that it was all he had to depend on. They expressed their sorrow for the position in which he found himself, and then—fined him half-a-crown and ten-and-sixpence costs, but gave him time to pay, "as he had only a few coppers in his possession." In the circumstances, it is hoped the police-court authorities will permanently forget to collect the money. The youth seems to have been "bested" by the man who sold the horse, though it must be admitted that the price paid was not quite that which would be asked for a Derby winner.

There is a species of "sportsmen" who seem to attend football matches with the sole object of half-killing the referee—an official whose task, at the best, is a difficult one. Each of the opposing teams has its crowd of supporters round the field of play. Sometimes the spectators see the most of the game, sometimes they don't; when they do, it is usually because the referee has his attention called from one part of the field by what is happening in another. During a match at Chingford, a foul occurred, but it was obscured

from the referee by a crowd of players in front of the goal. Two of the spectators immediately attacked him. With the exclamation, "Didn't you see it? I'll kill you," one of them struck him in the mouth, loosened two of his teeth, and knocked him down. It is something to the good that the magistrates at the Waltham Abbey Petty Sessions fined the man 30s. with the alternative of fourteen days, but the alternative without the fine would perhaps have driven home to other vicious brutes of the kind a severer lesson. Referee-baiting may be English in some parts, but it is sport nowhere, and the sooner it is put down with a strong hand the better will it be for the game.

It is wonderful what you can get for half-a-crown in some parts of Lancashire. Take Preston, for instance. The other day one George Henry Hill, eighteen summers, bought an air gun. Requiring something alive for a practising target, he mounted to his bedroom, and, opening the window, emptied the barrel into a group of youths below, shooting one in the arm and the other in the back. Unsatisfied and disappointed with the performance, he loaded up again, and had another go, this time hitting in the eye the youth he had previously hit in the back. The victim was carried to the infirmary, and the shooter to the police station, being charged the following morning before the magistrates. Having considered the case, they fined Hill 2s. 6d. and costs for firing in the street—from which we gather that the fine might have run to 3s. if he had hit a magistrate. It is not dear practice as shooting goes. We have known of men being fined as much as 7s. 6d. for using harsh words to a policeman.

PERSONALITIES.—II.

Said our own Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree,
"It verily seemeth to me,
That to credit myself
And bring in the pelf,
There's nothing like playing the D——."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying that the baby polar bear at the Zoo was "placed under the care of a retriever foster-mother at whose HANDS *. . . . it suffered an injury" resulting in its death,*
THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a bride, Miss Mary Bull (daughter of the late Mr. James Bull), "was given away by her father,"
THE EVENING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the income of the Staddlethorpe and District Conservative Club for the past year was £21 18s. 7d., with an expenditure of £21 19s. 5d., leaving a balance of 10d.,"
THE HULL DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "Gent.'s Hair Cut in Neck Wool,"
CHARLES NORMAN (of 246, Coldharbour Lane, S.W.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following serious paragraph:—
The Reward of Thrift!—Another WIDOW *with £20 invested in the "Co-op." receives five shillings, and we incidentally hear of her struggles to maintain an ailing* HUSBAND *and two sorely-afflicted children, deaf mutes,*
THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Daily Mail" that someone "is on the bridge with his finger on the TRIGGER *of the big gun,"*
MR. WILLIAM MAXWELL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report of a Protectionist meeting:—
Mr. Spar spoh at lngth on Tariff Rform, old-ag pnsions, ducation, and agricultur,
THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising an exhibition including "London Imperial Quartette (five performers)," and a gramaphone, reproducing "*MADAMES *Melba, Patti, Tetrazzini,* CARUSO, SCOTTI, ED. LLOYD, HARRY LAUDER,"
THE TEDDINGTON AND DISTRICT TRADESMEN'S ASSOCIATION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "Oporto, Spain,"
THE NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the livers of fish "will be converted into cod-liver and MINERAL *oils,"*
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to Prince Peter of Montenegro as the Crown Prince,
THE MORNING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report:—
Football.—A match was played on the Recreation Ground on Saturday, Paull Club v. Battery, and an easy victory was gained by the former. Result: Paull Club, 1 goals; Battery, 3 goals. J. Burgess, centre-forward, played brilliantly, scoring six goals,
THE HULL DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to a journey from New York to Liverpool as "a Westward trip,"
ANSWERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Yarmouth "is the only flat race meeting in England, so that sportsmen who want a flutter must come to Yarmouth for it,"
THE EASTERN EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S BLUNDER.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW PATENTS AND DESIGNS ACT.

We are not thinking of a possible German invasion, nor of the extraordinary fact that a man suffering from rapidly progressing brain trouble wears the imperial German crown. We are thinking of a danger of an entirely different character—a danger for which England herself is responsible, having created it wilfully with the mistaken intention of securing a great commercial benefit.

About three months have passed since the Patents and Designs Act became law. And what has been the result? A large number of foreign—especially German—firms have been forced to settle down in England. They have invested millions of pounds, and will employ a certain amount of British labour. And others will undoubtedly come, old firms of renowned name and new firms formed for the express purpose of complying with the new law. Mr. Lloyd George is jubilant. Free Trade and Protectionist papers are singing his praise alike, and are putting before the public the advantages secured to the nation by his masterpiece.

We are sorry not to be able to join our contemporaries in their jubilations. On the contrary, we think the Act has called into the country an immense danger—all the greater for the fact that its nature is absolutely unsuspected.

The New Comers.

Who are the new settlers on British soil? The Badische Anilin und Soda-Fabrik, Hoechster Farbwerke, Leopold Cassella und Co., Beyersche Anilin Fabrik, Deutsche Waffen und Munitions-Fabriken, etc. They are the most powerful firms of their kind in the world. And, if we have not been able to compete with them while they were across the sea, how shall our market become independent of them when they are building their fortifications in our midst? They have become great through their own merit and through our own fault.

Our Apathy.

The very invention which became the basis of modern chemistry and technical science was made in an English laboratory. We held the source of enormous riches in our hands, but, from lack of science, ignorance, and "Conservatism," we handed our treasure over to the learned and active Germans, who turned the British invention into gold and political power. And who dares to blame them? It is the law of the survival of the fittest. But by these facts we have learned very little. To-day almost the whole of the world's industry is more or less dependent on technical science, yet our laboratories cannot compare with those of Germany, and do not produce the scientific chemists to fight the battle with the foreigner. Instead, we have plenty of men with all sorts of letters behind their names hunting after the applause of an easily pleased mob, and painting in glowing colours how grand our educational institutions are and ever will be. Up to the present the foreign immigration has consisted to a great extent of a rather inferior specimen of people who, on account of their inferiority, were not able to get on in their own countries. The fact that they were able to make a good living in England is by no means flattering to us. But the new Patents Act will entirely change this state of things. The firms who very unwillingly are forced to settle down in England, to spend here an enormous amount of capital, to decentralise their old approved system of managment and labour, will come here with an army of their best men ready to work and to conquer, We have called the most powerful, best trained, most energetic and most enterprising of our competitors into our own country, and now have to fight them here, although we were not able to hold our own against them when they were far away.

The Foreign Programme.

We have stated that most branches of our industry depend nowadays more or less on modern chemical science. Our representative having called on most of the leading foreign firms coming over to England, has always met with the assurance that having inexhaustable funds at their disposal, they will try to extend their operations into hitherto neglected branches of industry and into British Colonies. But in the face of this danger the British nation is jubilant, because the foreigner has invested money for buying land and erecting manufactories! What ought to be done?

What Germany Would Do.

There is only one answer to this question. Supposing the Germans were in our place. Supposing their Government had been foolish enough to force an army of technically and financially superior British scientists and industrials to invade the Fatherland. What would they have done? Germany would be astir like an antheap threatened by a sudden danger. There would be busy consultations, and scheming and planning—and, above all, there would be *action*. The Government would take immediate steps to form an Imperial Commission entrusted with the careful study of all the questions concerned. This commission would have to watch closely the consequence of the new Act in all its details; the proceedings of the foreign firms would be supervised, and the Parliament would ask for minute reports at certain intervals. But the industrials themselves would not wait for their salvation at the hands of Government. In the whole of Germany, especially in all industrial centres, Committees and Sub-Committees would be formed joining in one big association and supervising the action of the authorities, as well as that of the foreign competitors.

Our Duty.

These are exactly the measures which we recommend; and, in doing so, we remember the fact that the French Government twenty-eight years ago introduced a Bill very similar to our own, with the result that, within that short space of time, the Germans have swallowed the French chemical industry to such an extent that it has been almost destroyed. In addition to the necessity of watching our competitors, we have to perform another duty, one that ought to be considered sacred by all those who believe in England's destiny to be the champion of liberty and culture. Simply watching an enemy is, of course, of no value if we do not hold the means in our hands to counteract his strategy. In our dealings with the foreign firms we must, however, never forget that we ourselves have forced them to come to England. We could certainly not have expected them to relinquish their enormously valuable patent rights simply to please us and to throw the golden fruits of their energy, diligence, and researches into our laps. They are not enemies in the ordinary sense of the word, but perfectly justified competitors; and, if we desire to fight them, we can employ only legal and fair means, and can only succeed by virtue of energy, diligence, and research. And therefore our duty is to reform our educational establishments, whatever name they may have, primary and secondary schools, Universities and Technical Institutes. There has been so much crying for reforms, so many bombastic promises, so much humbug, and so little doing! A few days ago the Chairman of the Bristol Educational Committee assured his applauding listeners "that the education in this country was now quite on a par with that of Germany." Such an utterance is grotesque, especially in the mouth of an educationalist who ought to know better. It is not only in contradiction to facts, but it is mischievous, and, if believed, tends to take away the only hope of this country's commercial salvation.

If England will not be able to hold her own in this coming industrial campaign with Germany, the outlook is gloomy indeed. If we on the other hand awake from our lethargy, being fully decided to prove worthy of our past and to come out first in the race—then we ought to be thankful to Germany for having spurred us on. But towards this end we must watch, and work, work, work!

This is a more important matter than "Tariff Reform!"

REALITY AND ROMANCE.

BY MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.

The difference between Reality and Romance is, that in real life Fate governs us—in Romance we govern Fate. And it is the one and only time we can be up to her, otherwise she inevitably downs us. Wherefore, unless a novelist be a heaven-born genius, the further he gets away from Reality the better his chance of success. And even the genius, if he is a devotee of realism, can never hope for popularity, and this is not to be wondered at. The world at large loves poetic justice, and Fate is relentless, humorous, whimsical, surprising, piquant, and often tragic, but rarely just. The novelist, on the other hand, is tired of her capers and her unexpectedness, and he sets himself solidly down to correct her. For example, he creates a terrible blackguard of a husband and an angelic wife. She suffers and suffers, until she attains perfection, and the husband dies a good punishable death, and the wife marries a perfect "'Will you come, my own,' holding his arms out wide," sort of man, and the curtain falls to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and both their pictures, the bridal gown, and the going-away dress in all the illustrated papers.

Now what happens in real life? The husband is a blackguard and the wife angelic—so much we grant. She lives with him, however, until she is fifty—too old for even the perfect man to recognise her charm of soul (he might have managed it if she had been twenty-five). Then the blackguard husband leaves her for another woman, and all the world says she must have been a very trying wife—that the wonder is, that he could have borne it so long. She dies of a broken heart, he marries her successful rival, and Society finds the lady a most chatty, agreeable woman. The former wife and her wrongs are simply a bore, and Fate holds her sides with laughter, and tweaks the scales of justice held in the hands of an upright judge as she goes flitting by.

After all, most of us have been so slapped, and hurt, and battered by Fate, that it is no wonder we resent the slaps of the novelist as well—what right has he to go for us too? No, certainly not, he must be made to give us happy endings and to be equal to that jade Fate, at least in Romance. We know how futile his fight against her is in Reality. The modern author with his pen kills off a wicked, drunken woman, the wife of a novelist, in terrible scorching delirium tremens. She screams and she clutches, and gasps and turns her tortured, bloodshot eyes to her husband as if asking for help. And he stands patient and tender to the last, but she dies—she dies dead, and he is free. Then comes trotting along the sweet true woman, the tender consoler, with a goodish bit of money, and he can settle down in an ideal country place, leave pot-boilers aside, and write that romance which will thrill, and enthral, and astonish the world.

Whereas in real life doctors agree that women who are drunkards rarely have delirium tremens. They can drink, drink, drink an astonishing amount, and remain quite immune from this disease. Their little wits are unimpaired, while men on the same amount of brandy get paralysis.

In Reality, the good, kind, patient husband of the drunken wife works hard to keep things together, is rather below par and depressed, takes cold, consequently is an easy victim to pneumonia, which carries him off, and leaves the wife free to drink up all his hard earnings—and Fate chuckles.

I love the novelist who boldly and courageously sets aside every one of life's contingencies and conquers that trixsy jade Fate every time. There is a successful example of this plan in Benson's "Sheaves." How he must have enjoyed writing it! I simply gloated over its reading. The ingredients are quite delicious. The best mixed American cocktail couldn't be more titillating or contradictory to the palate. A lady of forty-two (I did think he might have made her thirty-nine) with a twenty years most trying past. A drunken miscreant of a husband, but nobly born in the country, so that at his death she looked surprisingly fresh and deceitfully young. And her compensation? Well, rather a young, fresh, tender, liquid-eyed tenor of twenty-four. Mr. Benson couldn't possibly have done better than this for an amorous lady of (I regret to say) forty-two. And the tenor loved her wholly with mind, heart, soul, brain, body, understanding, and a voice that thrilled all London. The lady was not jealous of this great talent, for she herself had written the most successful novel of the century called "Gambits." How it could have been successful with this title is a marvel, but it was, and when the play adapted from this wonderful book appeared, all London alternated between the tenor and, "Gambits." There were "Gambits" foot-wear, and "Gambits" neck-wear, and the "Gambits" hipless corset—and they were all equally popular. With a play that for 1,200 nights bore the magic words "House Full" on the outside of the theatre, and a silver-voiced tenor with a pure high C sharp, one would think this family had bliss enough. But no, the lady became a mother. There was a good deal of sentimentality about the child before he arrived, but afterward the conduct of the author, and the parents, was distinctly disconcerting. After all, a lady of forty-two who is for the first time a mother would naturally consider it something of an event. Anyhow her neighbours would. But no—Charles Gordon Algernon Grainger (that is my recollection of his name) produced no impression whatever on anybody. Mr. Benson and Mr. Grainger are both totally without the paternal instinct, and Mrs. Grainger was too Gambitian to have the maternal instinct. So poor little Charley, I fear, was utterly neglected. I only hope he had a good nurse. Anyhow his mother never even asked for him when she was dying—for of course, she did die. It is within the range of possibility for a tenor of twenty-four to love a lady of forty-two; but even Mr. Benson wouldn't dare it with a tenor of forty and a lady of fifty-eight—this would be going "beyant the beyants." Novelists are good-hearted chaps, rarely striking below the belt, and in diseases are usually satisfied with either consumption or heart disease as necessary removers (consumption preferred), but Mr. Benson bagged the two for his heroine. So she becomingly dies of both on the top of a mountain, aged forty-three and a half or thereabouts, with her hand, or probably both of her hands, in her husband's, and a great look of youth, and peace, and joy on her face. And not one word about poor little Charley, who was in England. I beg of Mr. Benson in future to remember mothers.

In real life the story would have been the antithesis of this tale. Edith, somewhat mature, would have married her tenor and he in a year would have tired of her and fallen in love with the prima-donna who sang "Marguerite" to his "Faust." And her friends would have discussed it thus: Mrs. Jones: "But what could you expect, my dear? She was old enough to be his mother, and looked every day of her age, forty-two—indeed she's forty-six if she's a day. Children? Why of course not, but the other woman, Fraulein Bornemann—well, naturally, but these theatrical people are all alike. They say the baby's the image of him, and Edith, who is sentimental still, is divorcing him, and then he'll marry the Bornemann. Somebody told you that Edith was looking ill. Not a bit of it she is perfectly well. You see Edith is tough. Yes, she's rich—oh, she'll get over it right enough. I'm going with her this week to Monte Carlo."

There is a sort of logic, a sequence about Fate, unexpected as she is with her quips and quirks, but what a popular novelist wants to do is to snap his fingers in her face saying, "That and that for your sequence and your logic! In real life, my lady, you have things all your own way. Now comes my turn. I will create men and women, but I will embellish them to my taste and I will control events. I will give beauty, happiness, health, and fortune to those I love, and punishments, disaster, and death to those I detest." In real life the wicked flourish like the green bay tree. There are no rewards for the unfortunate and the good. Their future happiness is in heaven.

So with Fate all crooked, cruel, and haphazard, long life to the novelist who improves upon her and defies her, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, and kills off the devilish, and makes everybody. including himself and the reader, happy.

Mr. Benson and all his brotherhood cannot write too many novels for me. So good luck to them all!

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

SNUBBING NAVAL OFFICERS.

HOW MERIT IS DISCOURAGED.

Thirteen years ago, in consequence of the completion of a large number of ships built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, the number of lieutenants borne in the Navy List became too small for the needs of the Service, and in order to ease the shortage the Admiralty invited about a hundred and twenty of the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve to quit the merchant service and enter the Royal Navy. It was a stipulation of the transfer, that they should not be entitled to promotion above the rank of lieutenant except for meritorious war service.

Naturally enough, men who were holding good positions in the mercantile marine were not anxious to put themselves in a position where they would simply stagnate for the rest of their lives. Those who were not averse to entering the Royal Navy, therefore, sought the advice of the admirals commanding on the stations in their neighbourhood, and in nearly every case were informed that the limitation of rank would not last for long, and was, in fact, only inserted in the conditions then in order that the officers on the regular list of the Navy should not kick against what they might regard as a grievance—the increase in the number of competitors for higher rank.

A little reflection will show that to make a man's promotion depend upon his war services is abominably unjust, more especially in such a service as the Navy, which exists to preserve peace. There is no other body of men in the whole of the King's service whose advancement depends upon the blood of His Majesty's enemies. Not more than half-a-dozen of the whole number of supplementary lieutenants entered have gained promotion in this way.

Once or twice the Admiralty have been questioned on this point in the House of Commons. They have replied that it is impossible for them to give promotion to supplementary men because the conditions under which they entered the Navy forbid it. The irony of this reply lies in the fact that there is not a single officer in the whole of the Navy above the rank of midshipman who is now serving under the same conditions as were in force when he entered the Service. There is also another side to the question. Such statements, when made, are absolutely false, because a special Order in Council was passed in 1905 enabling the Admiralty to transfer supplementary lieutenants to the permanent list, and thus open the ladder of promotion to them, for "meritorious service in time of peace." This is one of the very few Orders in Council which has never seen the light in the pages of the *London Gazette*. It was kept quiet because it was designed to meet only one special case—a case undoubtedly of merit, but which was backed by influential parties.

The manner in which the Admiralty treats these officers may be judged from the following:—There is in our possession at this moment a copy of an official letter headed: "Lieutenant. . . . Recommendation for Promotion." It was addressed to the Admiralty more than three months ago by a flag officer, and in the strongest terms advises My Lords to promote the officer concerned in order that his "very great ability and energy" may not be lost to the Navy. *That letter has never even been acknowledged.* On another occasion, a certain captain, when appointed to one of the best-known flagships in the Navy, asked for a certain officer—a supplementary lieutenant—as his navigating lieutenant. It is the acknowledged privilege of captains to choose this officer themselves; but in this case the Admiralty refused to sanction his choice.

Not content with this petty meanness, the Admiralty consistently refuses to supplementary men the ordinary privileges granted to lieutenants in the Navy as such. An official Circular Letter, No. 110, N.P. 790. A.G. 1902 (dated May 22nd, 1902), directs that lieutenants of thirteen years' seniority shall have their pay increased by a shilling a day, with another shilling for fourteen years' service. By their Royal Commissions, supplementary lieutenants are appointed "lieutenants in Her Majesty's service," and are directed to assume "the rank and command of lieutenant." In spite of this, and in spite of the fact that the Circular Letter mentioned specifically excludes only officers of the coastguard, the increase of pay—a paltry seven shillings a week—has been denied to the "suppies," while the advancement of a few is being shamefully fostered at the expense of the great majority who have not the wherewithal to cultivate the indispensable social influence.

AN IMPUDENT RASCAL.

In our issue of November 21st, we asked if any of our readers knew anything about Mr. Frank Boon, who writes upon paper headed "Mackwood and Co.," describing themselves as "Surveyors, Hotel and Tavern Valuers and Business Transfer Agents," and addressing from "City Office, 184, Aldersgate Street, E.C."

In reply to our enquiry we have received a large number of letters which show, with other things, that Mr. Frank Boon has a numerous acquaintance, and among these letters is one from Mr. Boon himself, which we think we had better give. It is addressed from 184, Aldersgate Street, and is dated November 23rd:—

> *Re* your enquiry concerning Frank M. Boon.
>
> I am pleased to give you the following particulars:—I am Frank M. Boon and carry on business in all the departments mentioned in your paragraph, and also use notepaper with the heading upon it described by you.
>
> I am in attendance at my suite of offices, at 184, Aldersgate Street, every day from 9 to 7, and shall welcome any enquiries.
>
> And the gentleman who, I think, probably inspired your query knows that I shall particularly welcome a visit from him, and no doubt remembers the last occasion he honoured me with his company.
>
> Meanwhile, I am to-day taking legal advice as to your position in putting the paragraph in your paper at all.—Yours faithfully, FRANK MONTAGUE BOON.

And now for what other people say about Mr. Frank Montague Boon. We do not give names and addresses, but they will be available if required.

A writes:—

> I have very little doubt that he is a man who has lately done 18 months for fraud in connection with one Douglas Pelgate.

B writes:—

> As to his frauds in respect of business performances, enquire of the High Bailiff of Bloomsbury County Court. Boon is a smart, sandy-coloured chap with gold-rimmed glasses. A sometime partner of his is now doing time for giving, with others, false references for house-taking purposes.

C says:—

> Boon was committed to prison, and on his office being forced open the judgment summonses amounted to over 90.

D says:—

> A man of this name was found at 2, Gower Place in 1904. His methods were to take £2 2s. for agreement and for the supplying of references another £2 2s. The agreement was not fully examined—a hitch always cropped up about the flat or house he was after for one. He got eighteen months for this little game, and I was nearly among the victims.

E sends us a report of a case tried on March 8th, 1905, at the Clerkenwell Sessions:—

> Frank Montague Boon, 40, a well-dressed man of superior education and appearance, described as an agent, pleaded guilty to having incurred debts and liabilities by means of fraud to various persons. It was proved that in 1891 the prisoner underwent a sentence of 14 days for theft. In 1896 he was bound over. In 1899, he was ordered 12 months hard labour for larceny and receiving, and in 1901 he was sentenced to 12 months for fraud. For the past two years he had carried on the shadow of a shade of a genuine business as a surveyor and valuer and estate agent at Gower Place, Euston Road. In the case of Miss Wells, one of the persons he was accused of defrauding, he proposed marriage. Whilst they were upon these terms he was constantly asking her for money, and she gave him on one occasion £30, which she raised by a bill of sale upon her furniture. Altogether, she said, her advances to him totalled £63. As a matter of fact, he was a married man, and his wife was present in Court. When he was arrested he had in his office 180 County Court summonses for the aggregate amount of £165 5s. 11d. Mr. M'Connell said the frauds were of the grossest kind and sentenced Boon to 12 months with hard labour.

No sooner was he out of gaol than, on July 25th, 1906, we find him before Judge Rentoul with another rascal, Douglas Pelgate, pleading guilty to conspiracy to defraud. The prisoners were sentenced each to 18 months' hard labour. This sentence should have expired at the beginning of the present year, so that apparently this impudent scoundrel has lost no time in returning to his old rascalities.

BABY FARMING DISCLOSURES.

By Lydia Mary Mayhew.

There are, as most people know, some people on this earth, not of the best type, it is true, who make a living by what is known as baby farming. This class of person cares for the baby whose mother is, perhaps, left a widow, and is unable to care for her child, as she is busy wage-earning. This business is far removed from the knowledge of happier mothers who hug their little ones closely to their arms, and wot not of the sorrows of some other mothers who are forced to part from their babies, mothers who love them very dearly, too, and who dread the thought of parting. Yet a cruel decree of fate steps in, and severs them.

Take, for instance, a case which came under the notice of the present writer. A young woman was left a widow with four children, the youngest a tiny baby. Three of the children were placed in orphan homes, but no provision could be made for the fourth. The only thing open was for the mother to go back to her old work as a clerk, and for her to put the baby out to nurse, with part of the money she earned. She was advised to look in *Dalton's Weekly* where, she was told, people who were willing to mind babies advertised. She replied to the following advertisement:

> ACCOUCHEMENT.—Comfortable home, 10s. weekly. Baby could remain, or could take a baby from birth. Mrs. H——, W—— Cottage, C——. Cert. 205.

An interview between the woman and the young mother followed. For ten shillings per week the child would be kept. But the mother was not to visit it, as thereby she would only unsettle both herself and the little one. At first she demurred, but the elder woman talked and talked, arguing that if the mother really loved her child she would be willing to study it to the extent of not seeing it. Finally the mother was persuaded, against her tenderest feelings, to fall in with the woman's wishes.

Now let us take a peep behind the scenes. The woman who had advertised had made her house look spick and span for the visit of mother and baby. Once having obtained her tiny paying guest, she allowed her home to get into its usual state of wild disorder and filth, and the child itself was sadly neglected. When the child cried, it was given something white out of a bottle—gin. This stopped its crying and made it sleepy, and half stupid.

To keep wasting time and gin is not this woman's plan. Accordingly the following advertisement was inserted in the paper named:

> WOULD some lady take healthy, pretty baby boy of superior birth, aged eight weeks? Entire surrender. M. H., c.o. N. W.

Then, once again, a general clear up was started. The place was cleaned, the baby washed and dressed in clean clothes, with blue ribbons upon it. Gin bottles and gin smells were carefully obliterated. The woman was arming for conquest. The conquest of gold.

On the afternoon of the next day, a carriage drew up outside the house in the dingy street, and a daintily dressed woman got out. This was the wife of a bishop. A woman whose empty nursery hurt her, whose warm, mother-arms longed for the little one who had died.

"You have a little one here, whom you wish adopted?" she queried, addressing the mistress of the house.

"Yes, madam; it breaks my heart to have to part with it. But come inside, won't you?"

The visitor went into a small sitting-room, where the baby lay crowing and kicking, no longer half stupid with drink.

"What a darling baby!" was the caller's exclamation. Then followed more baby worship.

"Whose baby is it? Is the poor mother dead?"

"Yes, madam, the mother was the wife of a sailor; he deserted her, she lodged here, and when the baby was born she died. I would have kept him, my heart's good, but my husband is out of work, and, at the best of times we are poor people, so I am obliged to part with the little dear."

"On what terms?"

"Well, madam, thirty pounds wouldn't repay me for my loving care——"

"Too much. I can give you twenty pounds, not a farthing more, and only that if you are willing to surrender the child entirely."

"Very well, madam."

"And I will take the baby with me. Here is my cheque."

"How about clothes, madam, the poor little dear hasn't many, and they are not very nice——"

"Never mind about clothes, it's the baby I care about."

So once more the child changed hands. Meanwhile the baby farmer still drew ten shillings per week for its keep; further, she had by this time got other babies, and sold them, and was drawing sums weekly from other mothers.

The next scene in this human drama was enacted in the Bishop's study. His wife had received a letter, a blackmailing letter. Someone, some vampire, had cast untrue aspersions on her daughter's character. Someone had said that her little adopted baby was her daughter's natural child. The same someone had asked for hush-money. Instead of sending it, the Bishop's wife carried the letter to her husband. Then the whole thing was exposed in the press. The baby farmer was brought to justice. The blackmailer also, and he proved to be her husband. Then, of course, the whole facts came out, and the young mother, who had been ill, and lost her berth, and had been worried to keep up her payments, heard that her child had been sold. The baby farmer gave evidence against her husband, and he returned the compliment. Needless to say, mother and baby were reunited, and the man and woman were commanded to be His Majesty's guests. They had made a regular traffic of buying and selling babies, and the woman's income had been supplemented by the man, who filled in his time by blackmailing his wife's victims. She guarded against the mothers of the children coming, by telling them, as in this case, that to stay away would be better for the babies. But the time came, as it always does in such cases, when these clever rogues over-reached themselves, and justice was meted out.

MAPPIN AND WEBB (1908), Limited, are issuing a Prospectus of a New Company to take over the business concern which was incorporated in 1898, and which took over the business of Mappin Brothers in 1902.

Up to 1903, the dividend was 10%, and since then it has been 7½%; the Directors having adopted the prudent policy of thus reducing the dividend in view of the handsome new premises which they were erecting, and the general extension of their business.

The profits for the past three years have averaged the large amount of £49,048. This item includes rentals of sublet properties. The balance of undivided profit at the end of 1907 had accumulated to the amount of £48,215.

An Issue is now made to the public of £133,334 in 5½% Preference Shares, a like amount in Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and £166,667 in 4½% Debenture Stock.

The new Company will take over the business now carried on at 158-162, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, and 220, Regent Street, London; 23, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris; 8, Avenue Massena, Nice; 16, Rue Mazagran, Biarritz; and Norfork House, Johannesburg; and the factories at Winsley Street, London and Sheffield.

It will be seen from the above figures that the Company has been trading with uniform success since its inception, and the shares now offered of all classes should be a sound and profitable investment.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea Each.

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, see page iii. of cover.

THE ORIGIN OF SIN.

A MORE-OR-LESS SO STORY.

By F. W. Witherbrook.

Once upon a time when the World was young, there lived a man who was a Weakling. He was not unpleasant to gaze upon, but lacking strength, he was held in much contempt by his neighbours, so that it was a wonder they permitted him to live. Fearing to hunt, he gained no skins, and fearing to fight, the fish he caught were taken from him. So that he seldom owned more than a few small apples. In short, he was a poor man.

Now this man fell in love with a maid and coveted her greatly; but she scorned him for his poverty and his weakness, and her father drove him away with a club.

Thereupon the Weakling went away into a Place of Loneliness and thought and thought until he had consumed all his apples, and still continued to think, until he had devised a Plan of Life.

"Since I am weaker than my fellow men," he concluded, "I must learn to be cleverer than they, so that I may obtain by cunning what they obtain by strength."

And so he devised a Plan of Life, and invented new words and rose up and rejoined his fellow men.

In the way he came upon a man who was striking another with a club. They were not enemies, but one of them had a new club. And plainly it was a good club.

But the Weakling went up to them, and said:

"Stop! You mustn't do that!"

And they stared in amaze, and said:

"Why?"

And he replied:

"Because it is *Wicked!*"

Now "Wicked" was one of the new words which he had invented, and they asked:

"What is 'Wicked'?"

And he answered:

"Being *Naughty*."

But this also was a new word, and they further questioned him:

"What is 'Naughty'?"

And he cast upon them a look of great mystery, and responded:

"Ah!"

Then he went softly away, leaving them vastly puzzled.

And presently several others drew near, and yet again others, and all that came were astonished to hear new words issuing repeatedly from the mouths of these two men; wherefore they questioned them closely concerning these strange things. But there was no satisfaction in them, and at length, having become a great concourse they went and sought out the Weakling, and said to him:

"Tell us more about 'Naughty.'"

And he sat down and considered a while. Then he said:

"Bring me apples."

And they went and brought him apples, for they were very curious. And he took them graciously, and smiled upon them, and said:

"'Naughty' is doing things that are *Wrong*."

But they cried:

"What is 'Wrong'?"

Whereupon he said:

"It is doing something that is against the rules."

And this surprised them, because up to then there had been no rules. But he said:

"There are all kinds of rules. For instance, it is against the rules to kiss your neighbour's wife!"

Now this pleased them vastly, for it had never occurred to them before. So they went and tried it, and found it rather nice. And they saw that there were possibilities in the Weakling, and wondered why they had shunned him. Thereafter they returned to him, begging to be told more things that were "Naughty." For "Naughty" was Nice.

But the Weakling was pursuing his new Plan of Life, and had thought still further. Wherefore he put them off saying:

"Come to me again after seven suns have set, and I will tell you more. For there is *much* more. And after that still more. But you must bring me apples; yea! lots and lots of apples—and even some skins."

And they said:

"If we do this thing you will surely tell us more?"

And he said:

"Surely. But don't forget the apples."

Thereupon he went from their midst into the Place of Loneliness, and thought again.

And on the seventh day they came again. And they brought him apples beyond number, and fish, and some skins. For he had opened up new paths before them and they were thirsting after the Things that were "Naughty."

And they sat around him in their hundreds and hung upon his lips. For his words were precious. And he told them more things that they must not do. And when he had made an end they went straightway and did them, and continued to do them until again seven suns had set. For the things were very pleasant.

And again on the seventh day they came to him, bringing presents and learning of the things which are "Naughty." And again, and yet again, after every seventh sun. And he demanded of them a tithe of all that they gained by their strength in return for his teachings, and they yielded it to him readily, for his imagination was very great.

And he became the wealthiest man of his age, so that the maiden whom he had coveted, now coveted him, and her father pined to have him in the family. But it was only after much delay that the Weakling condescended to accept her, for he who had been the weakest had now become the greatest in all the land, and poverty and misfortune knew him no more. For he had invented *Sin*.

DAWN.

By Jessie Whitaker.

All night long he had lain awake, enduring the tortures of the damned, crying aloud, and praying for the morning. Now at last the casement was slowly beginning to grow into a glimmering square, and down in the garden he could hear a few sleepy birds piping their earliest notes. He moved his head on the pillow, to face the window more directly. It was about the only part of himself that he could move, for the doctor's bandages swathed his limbs from head to foot. He remembered all the ghastly details of the accident, and the hopelessness of the medical man's headshake at sight of him. All the night he had known that for him there would be no to-morrow.

But day was breaking now, and he still lived. And even as the thought crossed his mind, the racking anguish ceased, and a sense of ineffable luxury supervened, of quietness, rest, inexpressible ease. There was tranquil pleasure in merely watching the growing brightness of that grey square. His mind was clear again, his thoughts moved in proper sequence, the long torment of the night was over. To his languid ears, the birds' voices sounded like most exquisite music. And then hope began once more to dawn.

Surely this meant recovery! Surely in the long fight that was over, life had conquered death! The panorama of the existence he had thought to live, hidden for so many hours by a black curtain of darkness, seemed once again to stretch before him. But he did not want to think of the future. Enough to lie there and enjoy this unexpected ease.

The grey square was growing brighter still, the birds were twittering more noisily, only somehow they seemed to have gone farther away. He heard footsteps, and felt a cool hand on his forehead, and he knew that it was the nurse.

"I am better," he said.

Better? Why, he felt almost well again.

The nurse moved away, and he knew that she was going to turn up the lamp.

"Don't," he whispered. "Don't! It will be daylight soon."

Soon, very soon, now. He wondered why his voice sounded like an echo. Perhaps because he was so tired, so very tired after all he had gone through. Well, it was over now. The dark hours were no more than a vanished nightmare, and here was the morning at hand.

The morning at hand? Surely the glimmering square of the casement was less distinct than it had been a few minutes before. And then, all at once, he had the sensation of falling, falling, falling away into some immeasurable depth. It was horrible. His whole body made one wild, convulsive movement, as he attempted to clutch, clutch hold of something. It was very dark, and everything was slipping past, and there seemed nothing to which he could cling. And then that, too, ceased.

It was daylight now, broad daylight. The sun had come quite above the horizon, and the birds were singing a very paean. Glorious, joyous, eternal daylight.

But the nurse crossed to the window, and drew down the blind.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Bomb," by Frank Harris (Long: 6s.), is a very remarkable piece of work. The author is already famous for his short stories, which many of the best judges place on a level with the masterpieces of Maupassant. I had often wondered what would be the result if he tried his hand at longer fiction, which is usually believed to afford a much easier task. The result is altogether delightful, for he has not abandoned the methods which illuminated his miniatures: the compression of incidents, the snapshots of character, the condensation of psychology, all remain. He still offers us a literary Liebig, only now we take it in a mug. I do not know which to admire more, the amazing restraint which has eliminated every superfluous word, or the extraordinary ingenuity with which he has created a supremely natural monster. He is quite the Frankenstein Harris of fiction. The first sentence gives us the whole story in a nutshell:—

> My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886. Now I lie here in Reichholz, Bavaria, dying of consumption under a false name, in peace at last.

He was born in Bavaria of respectable parentage, and, because he was a little better off than his schoolmates, imagined himself their superior. Having acquired a smattering of education, disliking the idea of conscription, and having had a "sordid quarrel" with his father, he determined to emigrate to America. There he reached the very verge of starvation before he obtained work on an anarchist newspaper. His struggles afford Mr. Harris an opportunity for dispassionate descriptions of the sufferings of the poor, and for eloquent exposures of the tyranny of the Yankee police. Schnaubelt, with his personal vanity and German sentimentalism, was naturally carried away by the revolutionary propaganda of his editors, and conceived a deep devotion for a strong, honest, misguided anarchist. This man, Lingg, took him out upon a lake and showed him the effect of a bomb thrown by a catapult.

> Now what prompted me to speak, I cannot tell; I suppose it was vanity, or rather a desire to gain Louis Lingg's approval. I suddenly heard myself saying:—
> "Let me throw the first bomb."

The action of the police grew less and less to be endured. At last Lingg resolved to accept the offer, his idea being that, if he himself survived, he would be able to throw a second bomb and multiply the terror of the authorities. At last the day came, and, after an agony of fear-stricken anticipation, Schnaubelt set out for a meeting which the police were expected to disperse.

> Rage blazed in me.
> I took the bomb out of my pocket, careless whether I was seen or not, and looked for the right place to throw it; then I hurled it over my shoulder high in the air, towards the middle of the police, and at the same moment I stumbled forward, just as if I had fallen, throwing myself on my hands and face, for I had seen the spark. It seemed as if I had been on my hands for an eternity, when I was crushed to the ground, and my ears split with the roar. I scrambled to my feet again, gasping. Men were thrown down in front of me, and were getting up on their hands. . . . The street was one shambles; in the very centre of it a great pit yawned, and round it men lying, or pieces of men, in every direction, and close to me, near the sidewalk as I passed, a leg and foot torn off, and near by two huge pieces of bleeding red meat, skewered together with a thigh-bone. My soul sickened; my senses left me; but Lingg held me up with superhuman strength and drew me along.

The details of the escape and the feelings of the wretch form an admirable human document Indeed, that well-worn phrase might well apply to the book as a whole. I cannot compliment Mr. Harris too much upon the skill with which he has probed and diagnosed the soul of a scoundrel. His vanity, his sentimentalism, his cowardice and desperate resolutions, his moments of remorse, overshadowed by fantastic dreams of crime-made reforms, his savage hero-worship of sterner miscreants, his mixture of indulgent simplicity and frenzied fury, all go to make up a psychological masterpiece. The tragedy of carnage is gracefully relieved by the light touches illuminating love passages with a vain shallow little woman, who gradually abandons the commonplace aspect of life and ends up by sympathising with monstrous crimes for the sake of the monster criminal. I have rarely read the story of the progress of a passion described with greater reserve and at the same time with equal vitality. On reflection, I am inclined to think that the whole story, apart from its high artistic merits, may be welcomed as an eloquent sermon directed against the wickedness of all privy conspiracy and rebellion.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Teaching Kindness.

There is a certain enthusiastic adherent of the Peace Party who issues an appeal every Christmas to Mr. Santa Claus not to put toy-soldiers or weapons in little boys' stockings, as playing at war will foster a love of militarism. Probably this belief is not baseless; we know Solomon's promise concerning a child trained "in the way he should go," and all too often a similar aftermath results when a child is trained "in the way he should *not* go." Kindness to the weak and to animals can certainly be taught, but not always easily, as I fear the natural instincts incline towards cruelty. This trait is certainly characteristic of imperfect development in races or individuals—think of the notorious brutality of savage tribes and of children's indifference to the pain they often carelessly cause domestic animals. Many a home pet, could it speak, would quote Macaulay of its little owners and their "cruel hate, but still more cruel love." We might do well to keep out of the nursery all toys in which the idea of animal suffering is treated lightly. Do not allow an air-gun target that represents a bird or rabbit, and do not smile to behold your infant squealing with glee at the "dying pig," which is now alluring sixpences from many a pocket—a really touching little object filled with air which slowly escapes, whereupon piggy topples over uttering a horrible wail with his last gasp. I can imagine that toy "dying Christians" would have been received with acclamation in the nurseries of ancient Rome, but humanity has progressed somewhat since then—we will hope. In bonnie English boys and girls, most unkindness to animals springs not so much from a wicked delight in causing pain, as from heedlessness, and lack of imagination to realise the feelings of those who cannot speak. Girls may be best appealed to through their feelings of pity and sympathy—boys through that fine sort of pride that begins in the desire for the approbation of their elders, and that develops into a self-respect that forbids all cowardly tyranny over the weak. It is not a bad idea to let children while quite young join a "League of Mercy," and I believe one of the chief encouragements of "The Dumb Friends' League" is the enthusiasm of the members of its children's branches.

That Fascinating Nurse.

An American ex-officer has been telling me about the Army nurses who go to the front in war time. He says many of them are young and pretty, while the one in whose charge he lay wounded seems to have been irresistible. After describing her Greek profile, russet hair, and so on, he asserted that the first time she put her finger on his wrist the pulse ran up to 175 at least, whereupon she dosed him for high fever! The young woman was strictly "business"; he often tried to lure her into conversation, but she wouldn't be lured. Her method of putting a stopper on compliments was to bid her admiring patient "put out his tongue." He declares pathetically that he used to lie with his tongue hanging out, trying to put his whole soul into his eyes, but that it was "no go." Another method the pretty nurse adopted for gagging her patient was to put the thermometer into his mouth. Once he tried every day for a week to propose, and every time his declaration was stopped in this heartless and unromantic fashion. He declares he got so excited once he nearly swallowed a thermometer worth several dollars.

The Latest in Gloves.

It might not be supposed that there was much scope for novelty in these everyday little articles of attire, and certainly the ingenuity of the manufacturers is not encouraged, for by far the greater majority of ladies decline to wear anything at all ornate or out of the common. In olden times gloves were often perfectly lovely, not only delicately coloured, but scented and embroidered in silks, gold thread and seed-pearls. No doubt the glove the hard-hearted lady threw into the lion's den for her swain to jump after was a gorgeous article of this description. At one time it was the custom in America to compliment the hero of the hour by having his portrait stamped upon the backs of gloves—it is recorded that once General Lafayette was presented with a bouquet by a party of young girls and gallantly kissed each fair maiden's gloved hand, only to discover that he was every time saluting his own face. Some of the newest modern gloves for evening wear are showing a touch of gold or silver tinsel intertwined with the stitching on the back, and jewelled buttons are quite allowable. For out of doors the smartest novelty is called the "Cowboy." It has a large gauntlet edged down the back with a hanging leathern fringe.

Violets and Snowdrops.

Both these blossoms look so much more charming if untwisted from the stiff bunches in which they are usually sold, and re-arranged quite loosely and carelessly. An original method of wearing these small flowers is to suspend them from a brooch at the throat by mauve or white ribbons some six inches in length.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Pantomime Salaries.

My recent notes on pantomime salaries have brought me several letters, including a disclaimer from Messrs. Howard and Lambert and an official communication from the Council of the Actors' Association. It will be remembered that I quoted some details from a contract put before a young lady, who was asked to appear in the chorus of pantomime at either a London suburban house or a country theatre—as the management might decide—for 18s. a week. Messrs. Howard and Lambert inform me that no agent is authorised by them to offer chorus girls such miserable remuneration. "Our chorus girls," they write, "receive 30s., 35s., and £2 per week according to merit"; which I am glad to hear. They add "no doubt the lady in question was engaged as an extra and not chorus." As a matter of fact, she was not engaged at all, because she refused to sign the contract. But there was no question about "extra" at all; chorus was stated explicitly and presumably meant. Whether an "extra" can live on less than a chorus girl I do not know, not being either a chorus girl or an extra myself—thank God; but that the agent, who pretended to be trying to get chorus girls for Messrs. Howard and Lambert, wanted at least one girl to try and live on 18s. per week is clear. The Actors' Association sends me a copy of its authorised form of contract, which stipulates for the payment of the weekly salary on a maximum of seven performances, all extra performances to be remunerated by such further sums as may be agreed upon. Unfortunately I have returned the pantomime contract which formed the basis of my remarks to its owner; but if my recollection serves me well it differs materially from that sent to me by the Association, and I shall return to this matter at some future date.

Beauty Shows.

Apart from the fact that most of the women who compete in beauty shows are far from being beautiful, these so-called entertainments seem to me open to various objections. Of course, many theatrical productions are merely women exhibitions, and the great spectacular programmes presented from time to time at various places are little else. But the circumstance is more or less decently veiled, and need not necessarily deter nice women from taking part in them or going to see them. The beauty show is, as a rule, a dull, an unpleasing, and a rather indelicate business. Up and down the country of late music-hall proprietors have been lending their stages to the purpose of beauty shows for women, and even for men, or perhaps one should say for male creatures; and the papers have printed pictures of vapid-looking hussies or sapient-looking youths grinning as through horse-collars, in the hope that the fools in front may applaud or vote for them, and so secure a few paltry shillings to the purse of the "exhibit." I can imagine few more degrading ways in which a woman could hope to get money without earning it, and none by which a man worthy of the name could seek it.

An Ignoble Business.

In some cases the jury has consisted of local Pressmen; and the length and quality of the women's hair has been the subject of competition. This is a commercial age, but that managers who pretend to cater for popular entertainment should allow, much less encourage, these shows is surprising. I notice that the Rinkeries, Earl's Court, is following the ignoble example of the provincial beauty-exploiters, and I regret it. Very few things astonish me, but I am astounded that Messrs. Max Cowper, Seymour Hicks, Mostyn Piggott, Albert Toft, John Hassall, and Tom Brown, especially the last two, should cover this kind of catchpenny trick with their names. However, when poets spend their time pretending to judge Limericks, and artists in drawing mustard and cocoa pictures, perhaps it is all according to the spirit of the age. Let me be clearly understood: I make no reflection on the respectability either of the ladies or their judges; I do reflect on the taste of both. No one likes to see a pretty girl better than I do; but I prefer to see her elsewhere than in a bull-ring, trying to wheedle a judgment out of a group of blasés gentlemen by showing her paces under the eye of the multitude and the limelight.

Other Shows.

Talking of Beauty Shows reminds me that at Olympia next year we are to have what promises to be a really interesting exhibition—"The Women of All Nations Exhibition," at which "everything calculated to please a lady," (presumably including a few gentlemen) will be duly staged. The gentlemen are not mentioned, but pet dogs are; and, really, when you come to think of it, some ladies seem to prefer Toto to Monsieur. The Women of All Nations show is a long way off yet. Three good shows now open or about to be are The Toy City and Fun Fair at Earl's Court, the Fun City ("one big scream") at Olympia, and the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall—all features of the Christmas holidays, for which, too, the Crystal Palace is making special arrangements. The kiddies ought to have an especially bright time this Yuletide. P.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. A. S.—Marie Lloyd was born in London on February 12th, 1870, and made her professional *début* at the Grecian in 1885. S. T. S.—No biscuit: new form of ancient joke. A. G. S.—Do not know the agent personally, but he is not on the V.A.F. list. He has been in business some time, but his system of charging what is really an advance fee, although nominally for "tuition," "songs, etc.," is open to objection and abuse. A Pro.—I will look into the matter. H. and L. and H. B.—See above.

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THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

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HOW A COURT-MARTIAL IS CONDUCTED.

By J. E. R. Stephens.

Most persons have heard of the term "Court-Martial," but very few have ever witnessed a trial before such a tribunal. A court-martial is a criminal court for the trial of soldiers and sailors only, and it has no power to try a civilian, except in rare cases on active service. In the Royal Navy there is only one kind of court-martial, namely, a general court-martial. This court is held on board a man-of-war, and, like public courts, is open to every member of the public, and the vessel must be in harbour at the time. The court must consist of not less than five, nor more than nine officers. No officer is permitted to sit as a member who is under 21 years of age. The rank of the officers forming the court varies according to the rank of the prisoner. Thus, for the trial of an admiral the president of the court must be an admiral, and the other members four captains; for the trial of a captain the president must be a captain, and the other members four commanders, and so on.

Three Kinds of Courts-Martial.

In the Army there are three kinds of courts-martial: (1) a regimental, (2) a district, and (3) a general court-martial. A regimental court-martial consists of not less than three officers, who must have held a commission for not less than a year, and the members of this court are usually officers of the prisoner's regiment. The highest sentence this court can award is forty-two days imprisonment. This court has no power to try either a commissioned or non-commissioned officer. A district court-martial is composed of not less than three officers, who must have held a commission for not less than two years. It may award up to two years' imprisonment, and it may try both non-commissioned officers and privates, but it cannot try commissioned officers. A general court-martial is composed of not less than nine officers, who must have held a commission for not less than three years. This is the only court capable of trying an officer, although it may also try private soldiers, and it alone can award the sentences of penal servitude or death.

Mode of Procedure.

The procedure is somewhat similar in both naval and military courts, but there are a few differences which it is necessary to point out. For the more important cases an officer or a lawyer acts as judge-advocate, and it is his duty to inform the court as to what the law is, and to sum up the evidence, but he has no voice in the verdict or sentence. After the court has assembled the prisoner is marched in under escort. If the prisoner is an officer his escort is composed of officers, and his sword usually lies on the table around which the officers forming the court are seated. The prisoner is then asked whether he objects to be tried by the president or any of the officers appointed to form the court. If he does so object he will be asked to name all the officers to whom he objects, and the grounds of his objection. After the disposal of any objections made by the prisoner the court is sworn. A prisoner before a military court-martial is allowed to have a friend to assist him, who may be either a legal adviser or any other person. If the friend is not a barrister or solicitor, or an officer subject to military law he can only advise the prisoner and suggest questions to be put by the prisoner to the witnesses; but if he is a barrister, a solicitor, or an officer subject to military law he can examine and cross-examine witnesses just as in an ordinary criminal court. In the Navy it is somewhat different, for a person assisting a prisoner before a naval court-martial may suggest the questions to be put to the witnesses, and may read the prisoner's defence or statement in mitigation of punishment, but he cannot address the court.

Each question is written down by the judge-advocate, if there is one, or by a member of the court, and sometimes by a shorthand writer, and underneath each question the answer. The evidence of every witness must be read over to him before he leaves the court. After all the evidence has been taken and the speech of the defence made the prisoner is marched out, and the court closed to deliberate on their finding. The court may at any time during the trial deliberate in private, and may either withdraw for that purpose or cause the court to be cleared; but at other times the court must be open to the public, military or otherwise, so far as the room or tent in which the court is held can receive them.

Evidence as to Character.

The court must consider their verdict in private, and the opinions of the members are taken in order, commencing with the junior in rank. The court is again re-opened and the prisoner marched in. If the verdict is one of acquittal the court pronounces their finding in open court, and the prisoner is immediately released. If on the other hand the verdict is one of guilty the court do not state what their finding is, but the prisoner knows what it is by the president putting to the prosecutor the question: "Have you any evidence to produce as to the character and service of the prisoner?" If he has, he replies: "I produce this paper, sir; shall I read it?" He then proceeds to read extracts from the prisoner's defaulter sheet, stating how many times before the prisoner has been dealt with by a court-martial or his commanding officer. The prisoner is again marched out, and the court is closed to consider the sentence. The junior member is asked first, and so on in seniority. The majority decide the sentence. In military courts the papers are then placed in an envelope, sealed up and despatched to the confirming authority. A prisoner may not know for several days what his sentence is, for he is not told until the sentence has been confirmed.

Sentence Can Be Revised.

The authority having power to confirm the finding and sentence of a court-martial may send back such finding and sentence, or either of them, for revision once, but not more than once, and when the sentence or finding is sent back for revision the court cannot receive additional evidence, nor is it permitted to increase the sentence even when the confirming authority orders it to do so, but it may reduce the sentence. In the Army a conviction and sentence are not valid until they are confirmed. The confirming authority has power to mitigate, remit, commute or suspend the punishment, but after confirmation the punishment can only be mitigated, remitted or commuted by the Sovereign.

Death Sentence Can Be Remitted Only By The King.

In the Navy it is somewhat different. There the prisoner is told immediately what his sentence is, for the verdict and sentence of a naval court-martial require no confirmation, except in the one case of a sentence of death, which must first be approved by the Admiralty or commander-in-chief on a foreign station, unless the sentence of death has been passed for the crime of mutiny, when it can be carried out without confirmation. The Admiralty may, except in case of sentence of death, which can only be remitted by the King, suspend, annul, modify or remit any sentence. Judgment of death must not be passed in the Navy unless four members composing the court, where the court is composed of not more than five members, concur in the sentence. When the court is composed of more than five members two-thirds of the members must concur in the death sentence.

The Oath of Secrecy.

In both naval and military courts the members take an oath not to divulge the opinions of any of the members of the court. Therefore it is never known whether the members were unanimous or not in the verdict and sentence. If a prisoner has been once acquitted by a military or naval court he can never be tried again for the same offence by a military court. Where a prisoner has been tried by a civil court he cannot be tried over again by a military court, but when he has been tried by a military court he may be afterwards tried again by a civil court; only in the latter case the court will take into consideration the punishment he has already undergone from his military superiors. Both naval and military courts have the power to try any offences, not only those against the Naval Discipline Act and the Army Act, but also those offences which are crimes by the ordinary law of the land. But in this country, and in fact in any place within the King's dominions where there are competent criminal magistrates, they do not try the graver crimes, such as murder, etc., but hand their prisoners over to the civil power for trial. The ordinary courts of law have no power to review or over-rule the sentences of courts-martial, except where they have acted illegally and beyond their powers.

Summary Powers.

In addition to the above modes of trial there is another more summary mode of punishment of soldiers and sailors for minor offences. In the Army a commanding officer has power to sentence an offender to imprisonment with or without hard labour for any period not exceeding fourteen days, and in the case of absence without leave for any period not exceeding twenty-one days. In the Navy the officer in command of a ship may award imprisonment not exceeding three months.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas holidays, our next week's issue will be published on Wednesday morning, Dec. 23rd, instead of Thursday, the 24th. It wil contain a large variety of interesting Christmas reading, including "A Great Christmas Conspiracy," by Radcliffe Martin; "His Little List: A Too True Christmas Story," by Walter Moore; and "A Merry Christmas," by "Jim Crow."

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Rev. Dr. Horton, Lyndhurst Road Church, Hampstead.

DEAR DOCTOR,—In connection with a new society said to be springing up in France, to be known as "L'Œuvre pour et par les Anciens Prêtres Chrétiens," your name is mentioned as a member of the English committee, coupled with that of the Rev. M. Baxter, the prophecy and healing humbug. Your extraordinary objection to Catholicism has led you to say and do some strange things in recent years—strange things, that is, for one of your learning and position, but this connection with the editor of the *Christian Herald* should surely be beneath you. It may be a good thing to find work for unemployed priests in France, though there are plenty of laymen unemployed at home. But don't forget the old proverb, "a man is known by the company he keeps." Dr. Horton and Rev. M. Baxter! It really doesn't look nice. JOHN BULL.

To John Brinton, Esq., J.P., and Colonel R. Talbot Watson, J.P., County Bench, Kidderminster.

GENTLEMEN,—Excuse me for mentioning the matter, but it would not be at all a bad idea to assemble you with the magistrates of Woodbridge and have your heads put under the pump. Can't for the life of me make out why some of you people get appointed magistrates, or what you think you get appointed for. Got an idea that you are on the bench to play skittles with justice and footle with common sense, or what? Just tickle your lofty domes of thought again in regard to the case of that rag-and-bone picker you sent down for seven days on a charge of having stolen six penn'orth of wool. The evidence against him was that of two boys, sons of a police-inspector. According to the court reporter, they "saw the prisoner picking up wools from heaps of shoddy manure in one of Mr. Nickson's fields." They told their father what they had seen, and that eminent official arrested him while he was sorting the wool. True, the rag-and-bone man then said the wool had been given to him; which was a woeful wopper. Doubtless, however, the sight of the inspector frightened half the life out of him, the real truth being, as he stated at the police-court, that there was a public footpath running through the field, that he saw the "little heap of muck," and that he did not think he was doing any great harm in picking the best bits out of it.

If you give seven days for an alleged crime of that sort, what is your tariff for a man who robs the street gutters of a bone which a dog has no further use for? Kindly also state your special allowance in the case of a wayfarer who picks up an old dishcloth dropped by the public dustman? Full particulars also of the sentences you are arranging this winter for the designing villain who annexes the crusts of bread which Mary Ann throws out for the birds will also be highly appreciated. Meanwhile, my lamentable friends, permit me to say that if this refuse-heap case is a classic example of justice as administered from the exalted pinnacle of the County Bench of Kidderminster, my opinion of it is pretty much of a piece with my opinion of you. The exercise of functions of magistracy do not strike me as your speciality. JOHN BULL.

To the Postmaster-General, London.

DEAR SYD.,—A month or so ago you were telling the House of Commons that the payment for the casual labour employed in the service of the Post Office during the Christmas season was to be five shillings a day and extra for overtime. News reaches me from Seacombe that while for the last three seasons casual labour has been remunerated at 6d. an hour up to 21st December, and at 8d. an hour afterwards, applicants for a job this year are informed that the pay is 5½d. an hour for the whole period of employment. Don't know whether the rule at Seacombe is the rule elsewhere, but if so, it obviously doesn't square with your declaration, and, without desiring to jar your works, I shall be glad to know why it doesn't. The work demanded isn't that of curling up in a feather bed and going off to sleep. Kindly explain the oratory of St. Stephen's in the light of the facts at Seacombe, and oblige. JOHN BULL.

To Albert Bay, Esq., Buxton Street, London, E.

SIR,—Just to show you how I notice things, I am writing a line to say that the Recorder, the police, and the jury have my approval in the way they have treated you at the Clerkenwell Sessions. For a twelve-year-old you look like going strong. You saw a Russian loitering round the houses. Figured him out right there at face value as a suspicious character. Took an accurate eye photo of him from his whiskers to his boots. Heard afterwards that there had been a housebreak in the vicinity. Noticed that the police were making blind tracks for the usual clue and tumbling over themselves in trying to get in touch. Took pity on their misfortunes and fixed them up with a full and accurate description of the missing party, said description being so true to life that they went along in a straight line for their quarry, landed him for nine months sure, and got him certified for transportation across the deep. As your pa is poor, but respectable, and out of a situation, you haven't been promenading recently in the latest fashions; hadn't, in sober fact, any boots to your feet, with hardly any clothes to your back, wherefore, in gratitude, the police had you arrayed in a complete outfit of reach-me-downs; the jury collected ten shillings as a recognition of your talents, and the Recorder added another ten shillings and expenses as a special prize for good conduct. I don't want this avalanche of luck, goodness, and mercy to puff out your waistcoat and swell your little brain, my dear Alb. Just take 'em as a business-like appreciation of services rendered, and absorb all the education that comes your way. Then, by-and-bye, when you have got the standard weight of meat on your bones, I'm not saying but that you may even aspire to become a policeman. They have been wanting a boy like you at New Scotland Yard for a long time. Better go and put down your name for a chief inspectorship at once, so that they'll know who you are when you walk in to claim the post. This is a world in which, if you want anything, it is as well to apply for it early. Best wishes to mother and father, and accept the same yourself. JOHN BULL.

Lord Newton, House of Lords.

Have read your decision to move rejection Miners' Eight Hours Bill. Warn you that if you do you will be hauled over the coals. BULL.

A. W. Gamage, Holborn, London.

Congratulation on successful first voyage airship, Gamage No. 1. Smart man. Am watching for your next advertisement, on moon. BULL.

Manager, The Heavens.

Fellow Royal Astronomical Society states sun has got another spot on face 90,000 miles in length, and that this may account for mildness of weather. Pray continue spot. BULL.

Justice Grantham.

Congratulations on attaining limit as judicial jester. When you heard girl had dog called Nick, you actually asked whether it was not Old Nick. A devilish good joke. BULL.

Lloyd George.

Welshmen usually supposed to be gallant, so was surprised to remark that when lady at Albert Hall said, "We have been waiting forty years," you retorted that she looked as though she had been waiting much longer. Such manners invite stale eggs, and will never do for future Prime Minister. BULL.

Don Cypriano Castro, Paris.

I pray you spare us yet awhile. Don't conquer Europe before we are ready to do fitting homage. Content yourself with eating up France. Can I oblige you with a small loan? Delighted to hear you are a two-bottle man. BULL.

Dom Manuel, Portugal.

Sorry you are still such a coward. Driving about in a hermetically closed carriage, surrounded by armed guards, is not likely to endear you to people of Lisbon. God send King Miguel! BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" TOPICAL CATECHISMS.—I.

BY WALTER MOORE.

INTERVIEWS.

Q.—What is an interview?

A.—A statement made to an anonymous person whose statement that the statement was made is usually denied.

Q.—What good purpose does an interview fulfil?

A.—The binding together of nations with bonds of amity and links of love.

Q.—Has it any other effect?

A.—Yes, it gives rise also to a valuable meteorological phenomenon.

Q.—How so?

A.—By showing which way the wind blows.

THE END OF THE RUN.

ASQUITH (M.F.H.): "A HARD DAY'S WORK, BUT WE'VE LOST HIM AFTER ALL."

IN THE CITY.

THE UNION CASTLE MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

We have received a pamphlet with this title, apparently written by Mr. C. J. Jack, of 27, Dalberg Road, Brixton, S.W. We say apparently, because, although the correspondence of which the pamphlet is made up shows him to be the author, his name is not on the cover. It is not the first time Mr. Jack has published very serious allegations against this company, nor is the charge he brings against it—putting aside the statements which reflect upon the personal honour of directors—one that is confined to himself, or has not been supported by responsible critics. Briefly, it is that the accounts do not exhibit a true and correct view of the results secured by the company; that if the accounts were submitted in proper form they would show that instead of the modest 5 per cent. dividend paid by the company, shareholders would receive at least twice their dividend, and their £10 shares, instead of selling at somewhere about £8 10s., would be worth double the price; that the £367,000 applied last year for depreciation was altogether in excess of the necessities of the position, and that the agreement under which, as managers for the Union Castle Co., Donald Currie and Co. take for their services and for head office expenses a commission of 4 per cent. (averaging £100,000 per annum on the gross earnings of the company's steamers), a commission appropriated on the strength of an agreement made by Sir Donald Currie with one of the company's auditors in 1881—the year when the company first became a public corporation—is not one that ought to be maintained. These propositions, as we have said, are not new—they are none the less forcible for that—but the author of the pamphlet before us, Mr. C. J. Jack, goes far beyond criticism of this sort, and charges Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. with "fraud," a charge we need hardly say we in no way endorse. For example:—

> The charges preferred against Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. are charges of fraud—the misappropriation of large sums of money from the funds of the Union Castle Company, of which they are the managers. This money is systematically appropriated as management remuneration on the pretended authority of a secret document euphoniously called an agreement, which was illegitimately brought into existence by Sir Donald Currie 26 years ago.

And again:—

> The serious charges of criminal dishonesty publicly made against Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., as managers of the Union Castle Line, are tacitly admitted to be true. This case must be recognised as one of the greatest commercial swindles of its kind ever known, and it is the manifest duty of the Executive Government alike in the interest of the State and the public, and of commercial morality, to take immediate action in the matter, for the longer that justice is delayed the greater will the scandal become.

It will be noticed that Mr. Jack not merely says what many others, including John Bull, say—that the agreement under which Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. draw 4 per cent. of the gross earnings of the company's steamers is an agreement that ought to be put an end to; that the accounts are submitted to the shareholders in a form that makes it impossible for them to obtain the information respecting the expenditure of the company, which is their right, and which is necessary for a true appreciation of its position; but that Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. are taking huge sums of money year by year on the strength of an agreement obtained by fraud.

We assume that Mr. Jack is a responsible man, and we are quite at a loss to understand how a firm of the reputation and standing of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. can allow such charges to be spread broadcast over the country without appealing to the Courts for that protection they are always ready to afford to those who have been traduced. Action should be taken without further delay.

NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE COMPANY.

Some months ago we had occasion to criticise this company, and under date October 10th, the Secretary assured us that we were wrong in describing the position of the undertaking as "desperate." According to him, not only is it not in a desperate condition, but its position is "perfectly secure, and with the improvement in the iron trade which has recently taken place, there has been a great improvement in its prospects." From information that has since reached us we fear this statement of the Secretary must be described as unduly optimistic—indeed, as essentially misleading. We have before us a circular issued on behalf of the Committee of Investigation, in which very serious statements are made—among others, that on Monday, November 16th, two shareholders called at the office of the company, 8, Cook Street, Liverpool, and found a notice on the door stating that the office was "to be let," and on further enquiry the shareholders were informed by the Secretary (Mr. Hampson) that "The company's clerks were paid off, and the company's offices had been 'to let' for some months." If this be so, we are at a loss to understand how the position of the company was "perfectly secure" as late as October last.

Upon this matter we have received a letter from Mr. Daniel Jopson, of Middleton, Manchester, who is a shareholder in the company, and writes:—

> I think it is quite time that a thorough investigation into the affairs of this company was instituted. I am a member of the committee whose object it is to bring this about, and I shall be glad to have any or all the assistance you can give us in the matter.

We are certainly of the opinion that the affairs of the company are in very urgent need of investigation. The two directors who appear to be the practical controllers of the company are the Chairman, Mr. J. P. Court, and Mr. J. H. Iredale, of 21, Water Street, Liverpool, and we are not surprised that some of the shareholders have objected strongly to the latter person's appointment to the Board. Not long ago he was trying to sell the shares of the company at 45s.—shares which, as we are informed by Manchester brokers, are now not saleable at 1s. each. We learn, too, that these directors have brought about an alteration of the Articles of Association so as to make two form a quorum, consequently they can do just as they please. Shareholders write to the Board for information, but cannot get it. The annual meeting is now due, and we hope that shareholders will make a point of attending it and of insisting upon radical changes in the management. This is imperative if the company is to be saved.

THE BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.

On Thursday last, December 10th, judgment was given in the Westminster County Court in the case of Vansittart *v.* The British Tea Table Company. In this case the plaintiff claimed damages upon the ground that he had suffered from ptomaine poisoning whilst a resident in the Company's Hotel at 9, Bow Street, poisoning due to the stench that came from water-closet pipes taken up and placed in or near the room in which he slept, and from refuse food. The case was very thoroughly gone into, and the evidence in support of the plaintiff's claim appeared to the Judge to be so strong that he intimated that it was not necessary for his counsel to continue to address the jury. The Judge—one of the ablest on the County Court Bench—awarded £75 damages, and costs. The Company asked for leave to appeal, which was granted on the ordinary conditions of paying money into Court, but at the time of writing it is not known whether they intend to carry the matter farther. When they have made up their minds, and the case is finally disposed of, we may make some comments upon it.

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.

A correspondent writes:—

> I notice in your paper for this week that a certain writer has contributed a very interesting paper on "Life Assurance Trickery Among the Poor."
>
> I do not know whether this gentleman is a member of one of these offices or not, but this I do know: the society of which I am a member could not deal more fairly with its members.
>
> In the industrial branch, for instance, after a certain period of membership, if the member is unable to pay his premiums any longer, a surrender value policy is granted (even, in special cases, where the member has been expelled).
>
> At stated periods bonuses and free policies for the full amounts assured are granted to members of a certain duration of membership and age.
>
> In the endowment branch, after five years' membership, a surrender value in cash is granted of not less than 30 per cent. of the premiums paid.
>
> In the event of death the claim is immediately paid on production of a certificate of death.
>
> These few facts I trust you will be able to publish, as I think members ought to know, at any rate, that not all assurance offices are frauds.

We need scarcely say that were all offices conducted on these lines, we should have no fault to find.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.

We understand that this institution has been working under considerable pressure of late, but, having made enquiries, we have no reason to think that clients have cause for serious anxiety.

NEW SCHEME OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

A new scheme of Life Assurance has been brought out for small insurers, the outstanding feature of it being that those who insure under it need not choose at first whether they will take a whole life assurance or an endowment assurance, but can alter their policy from a whole life contract to an endowment assurance at any time by merely extending the terms during which premiums are paid.

Commenting on the scheme, the Manager and Actuary of the Rock Life Assurance Company, Mr. R. Shirley writes as follows:—"This feature is undoubtedly a good one, but it is not new, it having been a part of an important scheme of my company for many years. I enclose a copy of the Rock prospectus, at page 38 of which will be found tables of premiums for whole life assurances which may be converted into endowment assurances at the option of the holder by the payment of a stated number of additional premiums. There is no limit to the amount that may be insured under these tables."

NEW ISSUES.

We direct attention to the Prospectus of Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., to be found on page 669. The 6 per cent. Cumulative £1 Preference shares offered at 21s. would seem to be an attractive investment.

We direct attention to the Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., prospectus to be found on page 657. The preference shares may be recommended as a well secured industrial invetsment.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

"MARGINAL" SYSTEM.—A. McD. P. (Glasgow).—You must know that we consistently advise our readers not to have anything to do with the marginal, bi-marginal, option, and other systems by which the foolish are lightened of surplus cash.

BONUS STAMP COMPANY OF BRUSSELS.—G. E. (Portsmouth).—We think your friend would be foolish to carry out the condition required.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—R. L. (Muswell Hill).—It is impossible for us to advise you as to whether you would have adequate security for your £250 if you took a debenture bond without knowing more about the business than you tell us. As a rule, it is not advisable to put money into a company which requires you to lodge it before they put you upon their staff.

LLOYD AND YORATH DEBENTURES.—A. H. H. (Weston-super-Mare).—We cannot advise you to take advantage of Messrs. C. Albert and Co.'s obliging offer of £300 debentures for £72.

BOOT'S CASH CHEMISTS.—KOH-I-NOOR (Cotesley).—We think so, but we should for your purpose prefer another selection.

SUEZ CANAL.—G. S. (Sunderland).—The present price of the bond is about £21 5s.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—C. N. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—We cannot advise purchase of the shares you name.

TIN MINE SHARES.—G. P. M. (Scarborough).—There are no dealings in them.

THREE SOCIETIES.—F. H. (Taunton).—The only sound society of the three is the first you name.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA.—J. N. C. (Portsea).—The price at the end of last month was about £62 10s.

SPENCER SANTO.—H. A. B. (Brighton).—In the circumstances we should hold in the hope of ultimate improvement.

VANGUARD MOTOR 'BUS.—A. M. (London).—We will do what we can. It is a bad business.

THE LONDON AND COUNTIES EXCHANGE.—A REGULAR ADMIRER OF JOHN BULL (London).—(1) Possibly your solicitor might succeed where you have failed. (2) The shares of the Capital and Counties Bank are, of course, a first-class investment, giving a yield at their present price of over 4½ per cent., but you should remember that these shares are £50 each, with only £10 paid. By the way, we hope you do not suppose there is any connection between this great bank and the stockbroking concern you name.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—SPECULATION (Glasgow).—Better not waste any more money upon them.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—W. B. (Hull).—Put the money into some sound industrial security, such as, for example, Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, Lipton's Cumulative Preference, Brunner, Mond and Co.

INTEREST UPON LOAN.—J. H. (Bromsgrove).—It is impossible for us to give you the information as to "a reasonable rate of interest," when you give us no indication of the security against which the loan is to be made.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—J. S. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You do not tell us the nature of the transactions that led to their owing £12 10s. If, as we assume, they are Stock Exchange transactions, the probability is they would plead the Gaming Act.

WINNIPICA MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY.—W. B. (Bristol).—We should prefer the 1s.

BI-MARGINAL INVESTMENTS.—A FLAT (Camberwell).—Your experience is very exceptional.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—A. B. H. (Glasgow).—Throw all circulars referring to "triple combinations" and similar devices for easing you of monies into the waste-paper basket. GRIFFO (Shepherd's Bush).—"If all's true"—there is the rub. Do not be misled by advertisements such as you enclose into Stock Exchange gambling.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—M. M. (Ilford).—Quite respectable, but there are stronger institutions.

CALICO PRINTERS' COMPANY.—T. W. (Skewen).—These shares would represent a very speculative purchase.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—W. L. (Crook Road).—Our advice to you is not to send any more money to these people.

BUCKLEY'S BREWERY.—A. B. (Bury Street).—We have not the information you require.

INVESTORS' PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.—W. J. R. (Selly Oak).—We do not think you would gain anything by accepting the offer of the company.

GREAT BONANZA MINE.—W. N. (Birmingham).—We should prefer another selection.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—R. B. S. (Birmingham).—We do not think you need be alarmed. There is no immediate danger, but we should withdraw the money, and put it with some well-established company. G. T. (Ashton-on-Lyne).—See previous answer.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—E. G. H. (Wimbledon).—No. P. P. (Lewisham Park).—We should be agreeably surprised if you receive the monies you claim to be due to you from the people you name.

LONDON AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA EXPLORATION COMPANY.—F. P. (London).—Sell if you can.

THE PROVINCIAL.—CONSTANT READER (Hammersmith).—We know of no company of this name. Do you mean the Provincial Homes Investment Company?

SAFE INVESTMENT.—F. S. (Luton).—It is impossible for us to advise you in the matter. You should consult your solicitor, and use your own intelligence as to whether the estate is suitable for the purchase suggested.

GILT EDGE (Aldgate).—(1) Stockbrokers would not keep you advised as to when to sell securities. (2) You would not get more than the interest you name from any leading bank. (3) You should put your money into some sound industrial security, but much depends upon the interest that would satisfy you.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—WEEKLY READER (London).—Better write it off as a bad debt. If you will go in for double options, and deal with people of whom you know nothing, you cannot reasonably complain if you find yourself on the wrong side of the hedge.

TWO SHARES.—V. V. (Hammersmith).—Both would be very speculative, and you would be foolish to have anything to do with the second you name.

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—A. C. (West Hampstead).—We should take the surrender value named.

B.B. BUILDING SOCIETY.—ENQUIRER (Eccles).—If the scheme commends itself to you, you may rest confident as to the character of the society.

THE COUPE CO. AND MOTOR CAB CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN.—AN OLD READER OF JOHN BULL (Northwich).—(1) We have no good news for you. We return your papers under cover and thank you for your good wishes. (2) As to the legality of the offer made by Messrs. W. Humbert, Nephew and Co., to guarantee you a minimum profit of 500 per cent., if only you will send them £50, it is not worth discussing, and nobody outside a lunatic asylum ought to be misled by the offer.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

GLASGOW ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. T. (Skipton).—We have made further inquiries into your complaint against the Glasgow Assurance Corporation, Ltd., and are satisfied that there are no grounds for it. As you are probably aware, this company bought the business of the Casualty Assurance Company from the Official Receiver in Companies Winding-Up, and agreed to be responsible for claims arising under existing policies of the Casualty Company after the date of purchase. In view of the fact that the Casualty was in liquidation, the Glasgow Assurance Corporation considered it desirable that policy-holders should at the earliest possible moment exchange their policies for new policies in their corporation, and they also agreed to refund all premiums for the unexpired time under their existing policies. You among others applied for a new policy, and in due course this was issued to you, when you replied that the terms and conditions were not identical with your old Casualty policy. The corporation then wrote to you, pointing out that, in their opinion, the benefits granted by the Casualty Company were greater than the premiums charged could provide for, and they ended their letter by saying: "It is for yourself to decide whether or not you accept our policy. We must ask you to advise us by return of post, and, in the event of your preferring not to accept it, we are quite prepared to refund you your premium." That was a very proper answer. You wrote, in reply, arguing that the benefits granted by sick clubs were greater, and the corporation again wrote to you: "We shall be glad to know whether or not it is your intention to accept our policy, as, in the event of your not being prepared to do so, we are quite willing to refund your premium." You still refused to take any notice of this offer, but continued controversial correspondence. The corporation does not deny that it is responsible for any claims arising out of the Casualty policy up to the date of expiry in July, 1909. What it wants to know from you, and has a right to know, is whether or not you wish the corporation's policy, and, in offering to refund the premium you paid them, they have, as it seems to us, done everything possible under the circumstances.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, U.S.A.—W. B. (W. Ealing).—We should keep up the policy you have, but should you want another go to an English company.

PROVIDENT FREE HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. B. J. B. (Dorking).—The company is a comparatively old and well managed concern. We return your letter.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CASTURE (Hackney Downs).—Yes, it is a very respectable company, doing a large business.

ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—P. C. (Commercial Road).—We advise you to have nothing to do with this concern. ANXIOUS (Gloucester).—Ditto.

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—G. B. S. (Shepherds Bush).—There is no good reason why you should not continue to keep up your policy in this company. ANXIOUS (Cardiff).—Upon the facts as you state them you appear to be liable. The time given you for payment was given to you at your own risk. We are, of course, assuming that the facts are not in dispute. We thank you for your kind wishes. H. C. (Swindon).—We think you had much better remain in this company.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. T. R. (Hyde).—We see no ground in your statement for complaint. At such an advanced age as 69 the risk of having to pay the full sum assured when only a small sum has been paid in premiums is obvious. Such assurances are found to be very unsatisfactory from every point of view, and all that is possible is done to discourage them. The assurance principle that the excess premiums of those who survive the average expectation must make up the loss on those who die early, is strikingly shown in these cases, but its necessity is not understood, and it is always regarded as a hardship.

STATUS OF ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. J. T. (Coventry).—We should prefer another selection.

THE CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.—J. G. M. (Glasgow).—We see no objection to your taking out a further policy as you suggest.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—WOLFRUNA (Southsea).—We think you can complete the transaction safely. G. F. L. (St. John's Wood).—Our advice to you is to keep up your policy. See what we have said in our last issue.

STATUS OF TWO COMPANIES.—AVOCAT (Glasgow).—Certainly the British Homes Assurance Corporation "implement their obligations to their customers." We know nothing about the other concern you name.

SOUND INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. V. W. (Tollington Park).—Try the Sun.

THE NORTHERN EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—NEMO (Brondesbury).—The answer is in the negative.

SCOTTISH LEGAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. J. R. (Manchester).—You are, of course, entitled to see the rules by which you will be bound before becoming a member, and you would be foolish to join the association without having received and studied them. We think there must be some mistake, and suggest that you should write to the Secretary again, and ask him for the necessary information. We cannot doubt that he will send it you. Anyway, let us know the result. We thank you for your kindly appreciation of JOHN BULL.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSURANCE.—W. D. (Mountain Ash).—We should advise another selection.

LAW UNION AND CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. F. B. (Acton).—Yes, certainly. The company's assets at the close of 1907 amounted to £5,237,139, the book value of the investments being in excess of market prices at the same date by £86,325.

HEARTS OF OAK INSURANCE COMPANY.—SHAKESPEARE (Shepherd's Bush).—We think so.

LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. L. A. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—We have no information.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—W. T. (Royal Albert Docks).—We cannot recommend it.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. B. G. (Bristol).—We advise you to have nothing to do with it.

MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—L. B. (Newport).—We think not.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. J. (Hereford).—If you were about to join, we should advise you not to do so, as we never recommend dealings with American companies; but, being in the company, and since it is quite solvent, we think you had better go on with it.

"THE COSTER AND HIS HORSE."
THE R.S.P.C.A. REPLIES.

In reference to our "Human Document XXVIII." "The Coster and His Horse," which appeared in our last issue, Mr. Fairholme, the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, informs us that the animal "was quite worn out and unfit for work"; that the magistrate himself examined it; and that "Mr. Boswell, M.R.C.V.S., stated that the animal, which was at least 25 years old, was in a very emaciated and weak condition, and totally unfit for any kind of work." Mr. Fairholme further states that: "On the hearing of the appeal, the point for the prosecution that the pony was totally unfit for any kind of work does not appear to have been driven home by the counsel who appeared on behalf of the police in support of the conviction. He did not point out that the case was one of emaciation and general debility, as well as of old age, and was not one of sores or painful lameness."

After the hearing of the appeal, which was allowed, but without costs, the Society heard that the animal had been sold at the Elephant and Castle sale-yard for 37s. The fact, however, remains that the man Webb was a person of unblemished character, and that the sentence of 21 days' hard labour was, in all the circumstances, a ferocious one.

We may add that Dr. Montague Miller, ex-Mayor of Hackney, whose interest in horses is proverbial, has generously offered to give Webb £5 to assist him.

"CHARTERED JUSTICE."
THE OTHER SIDE.

We have received the following from a Salisbury (Rhodesia) correspondent:—

"As a new reader, with a great regard for your impartiality, it was with a shock I read your article entitled 'Chartered Justice.' Generally, you give the accused party or a champion a chance to answer the accusations, but in this case it has not been done. It stands to reason that in different circumstances, the jury system varies in its degree of justice, and with the majority of people in this country it is a known fact that white juries are very loth to convict a white man for offences against kaffirs, even when it has been absolutely proved up to the hilt. For instance, in the particular case where the Attorney-General made such a sweeping statement, it was founded upon a case which had lately occurred, wherein a white man had most brutally assaulted a native who merely crossed his farm, and had offended him in a trivial manner, and which caused the death of the native in question, and when this man was brought to his trial, the jury could not agree that he was either guilty of murder, culpable homicide, or common assault, it being left to the jury in this country to bring in a verdict of either of these three degrees. In this case, the prisoner was ultimately tried in another town, and received a sentence of six months, the jury bringing in a verdict of common assault. It is well known that at the first trial, eight of the jury were agreed upon a verdict, but the remaining one would not agree, and had the majority had the power, as now, to decide upon a verdict, it would have saved the country needless expense and trouble, besides giving the kaffirs who, after all, pay their taxes to get justice, the idea that it is impossible to get justice at the hands of the white man. Again, it gives a certain number of the community, happily greatly in the minority, the idea that they can assault and flog natives with impunity, besides discouraging the Judge and Law Department from trying to administer justice, for, despite what is stated in your article, I venture to remark that we have a Judge, Magistrates and Law Department which, under the circumstances, could not be bettered; men who know the country, which Englishmen do not, unless they have been in this country a number of years; that is the worst of the English Press generally, they think they understand South Africa better than men who have lived in this country for years. The case stated above is not a solitary one, unhappily, another such a one having occurred at the High Court Sessions this past week, wherein the delinquents were adjudged 'not guilty.' In conclusion, I trust you will not be above publishing this, and keep up your reputation for impartiality."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas holidays, our next week's issue will be published on Wednesday morning, Dec. 23rd, instead of Thursday, the 24th. It will contain a large variety of interesting Christmas reading, including "A Great Christmas Conspiracy," by Radcliffe Martin; "His Little List: A Too True Christmas Story," by Walter Moore; and "A Merry Christmas," by "Jim Crow."

WARNING.

A Strood reader answered an advertisement of the Gresham Trading Company (27, King Street, Cheapside), and received a circular *guaranteeing* him £3 to £5 a week if he followed their instructions—the first of which was to forward a shilling for their "work" showing how this Eldorado could be obtained without interfering with any other occupation, and stating that this was the whole of the expense the recipient would be put to. The shilling was sent, and in return a pamphlet was received stating that the £3 to £5 was to be obtained out of the "Mail Order" business. As is usual in these schemes, a list of different articles in which they were trading was enclosed, such as a cough cure, a corn cure, &c., and the recipes for any of these preparations were offered for further payment. Our correspondent did not think the offer good enough, so wrote and demanded the return of the shilling. In exchange for the pamphlet he did eventually get a P.O. for that amount, but it was dated nearly three months before, and made payable to the Company, and he was unable to cash it locally. By the time he had communicated with us it was out of date. Our correspondent says that, happening to be in London, he called at 27, King Street, and found it a building containing a number of offices, but was unable to find any such firm as the Gresham Trading Company. The man running the concern appears to be a Mr. Gerald A. Poole. Have any other readers had experiences of the concern?

"ESTEEMED" HUMBUGS.

A Norwich reader was attracted by an advertisement of the United Jewellers, Ltd., (Manchester), who offered "one of the most beautiful and perfect services of electro plate ever offered retail to the public under £5 sterling." He sent 2s. deposit, and undertook to pay the balance in nine monthly instalments of 2s. He received an acknowledgment of his deposit and the information that a "magnificent silver watch and chain" would be sent him when he had paid the balance. Not being prepared to trust them with his money in this way, and—to put it mildly—considering the goods offered to have been misrepresented, he wrote back demanding the return of his money. In reply, he received a circular, beginning "Esteemed Patron," and saying "we can assure you that the magnificent jewellery will astonish you, and you will marvel—as hundreds have already done—as to how they can be produced at such a low figure as £1 the entire set. It cannot therefore reasonably be expected that we should send the valuable set of jewellery at such a sacrificing price, on simply the first payment without the balance (which you have promised to send)." He then wrote saying he would mention the matter to us and received the following circular: "Esteemed Patron,—Referring to your letter to hand, we regret you do not continue with your payments, and therefore as you withdraw from your order and signed promise to pay the balance, we herewith send goods, in lieu of deposit paid. Trusting this will be satisfactory to you." The "goods" consisted of a set of plated studs such as can be bought in any fancy shop for 6½d. Is *all* Sir Chas. Mathews' time taken up by the Guildhall proceedings?

HER SUGGESTION.

By R. de L. Galvaner.

Under the mistletoe-bough I kissed her,
  Kissed her full on her fragrant lips.
Who but a Jesuit could resist her?
  Who could refrain from such honeyed sips?
And I? Well, I am no beadsman, masters.
  I am none of your friars and fasters;
I take my joys as they come to me,
  So I kissed her there, where the world might see.

Under the mistletoe-bough I kissed her,
  Kissed her full on her red, red lips.
And she? Well, she is no saintly sister,
  No cloisteral vow is her heart's eclipse.
She did not even pretend resistance,
  But smiled instead at my bold insistence,
And whispered low in my listening ear:
  "Let's keep the mistletoe all the year."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page iii of cover.

The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL OPEN ON TUESDAY, THE 15th DAY OF DECEMBER, AND WILL CLOSE ON OR BEFORE FRIDAY, THE 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1908, FOR LONDON AND COUNTRY.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LIMITED

Tobacco Manufacturers, Proprietors of

"B.D.V." TOBACCO.

(Incorporated under The Companies Acts 1862 to 1908.)

CAPITAL - - - - - £400,000.

Divided into 200,000 Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each and 200,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The London & County Banking Co., Ltd., 180/2, High Street, Shoreditch, and HEAD OFFICES:

21, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches,

ARE AUTHORISED TO RECEIVE APPLICATIONS FOR

The Issue of 200,000 Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each at 21/-, payable as follows:

1/- on Application; 2/6 on Allotment; 10/- on the 27th day of January, 1909, 1/- of which is the premium; 7/6 on the 1st day of March, 1909. Total 21/-.

The Directors and their friends have applied for 70,000 of the Preference Shares, now offered upon the terms of this Prospectus, which shares will be allotted in full. PRIORITY OF ALLOTMENT WILL BE MADE TO CUSTOMERS OF THE FIRM.

These Shares are Preferential both as to Capital and Dividend, and in the event of voluntary liquidation or winding up they are entitled to the return of the Preference Capital and a premium of 15 per cent., payable out of Surplus Assets, and after payment of the Preference Capital. The Articles of Association provide that should further capital be required for the extension of the business, the Directors have power to issue the sum of £50,000 in 6 per cent. Preference Shares ranking *pari passu* with this issue.

No Debentures can be created without the consent of an Extraordinary Resolution passed at a meeting called for the purpose, and no further Preference Shares can be issued beyond the £50,000 before mentioned, without the like consent.

It is provided by the Articles of Association that after payment of the Preference Dividends and 5 per cent. upon the Ordinary Share Capital 15 per cent. of the balance of the Annual Profits shall be carried to a Reserve Fund until such reserve amount to £60,000, this Fund to be used by the Directors either to pay off mortgages or to employ all or any part thereof in the business of the Company or otherwise as provided for in the Articles of Association.

DIVIDENDS will be payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July of each year. The first payment, calculated upon the instalments, will be made on the 1st July, 1909.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS (Chairman), Tobacco Manufacturer, 112, Commercial Street, E.

PHILIP PHILLIPS (Managing Director), Tobacco Manufacturer, 112, Commercial Street, E.

M. DAVID PHILLIPS (Managing Director), Tobacco Manufacturer, "Oakdene," Woodside Avenue, North Finchley.

J. VAN DEN BERGH (Managing Director Van den Bergh's, Ltd.), 82, Fenchurch Street (representing the Preference Shareholders).

J. H. SPENCER PHILLIPS, Tobacco Manufacturer, Ennerdale Lodge, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

ARTHUR I. PHILLIPS, Tobacco Manufacturer, 39, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.
180, 181, 182, High Street, Shoreditch.

SOLICITORS.

WILLIAMSON, HILL AND CO., 13, Sherborne Lane, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

MYERS AND CO., 6, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

FITZPATRICK, GRAHAM, GREENWOOD AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 147, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

GEORGE A. HAYWARD, 112, Commercial Street, London, E.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to take over as a going concern as from the 1st day of January, 1909, the well-known business of GODFREY PHILLIPS AND SONS, Importers, Exporters and Manufacturers of Tobacco, etc. The business was founded in the year 1844 by the late Mr. Godfrey Phillips, who in due course admitted his sons Joseph Phillips, Philip Phillips, and M. David Phillips into partnership, and since their admission these gentlemen have been actively engaged in the management and development of the business, Mr. J. Phillips and Mr. Philip Phillips for a period of over 40 years, and Mr. M. D. Phillips for a period of nearly 30 years. A few years ago Mr. J. H. S. Phillips, a son of Mr. J. Phillips, and Mr. A. I. Phillips, a son of Mr. P. Phillips, were respectively admitted into the firm.

The firm of Godfrey Phillips and Sons have a universal reputation in the trade, and they are the owners of about SEVENTY PROPRIETARY BRANDS, amongst which is the well-known

"B.D.V."

WHICH PROBABLY ENJOYS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY ONE PROPRIETARY BRAND OF TOBACCO.

The Company will take over the Freehold premises where the business has been carried on at 112, Commercial Street, and large adjoining premises in Corbett's Court and Little Pearl Street, all in Spitalfields, London, E., all the business assets of the firm, the valuable Trade Marks and Goodwill, and the benefit of subsisting contracts, and book debts

Messrs. FITZPATRICK, GRAHAM, GREENWOOD AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 147, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., have investigated the books of the firm of Godfrey Phillips and Sons for the last three years, and the following is their certificate:—

To the Directors of Godfrey Phillips, Limited,
112, Commercial Street, London, E.

Gentlemen,—Acting upon instructions received from Messrs. Godfrey Phillips and Sons, we have examined the books of that firm for the three years ended 31st December, 1907, and find that before providing for depreciation or charging interest the profits were as under:—

	£	s.	d.
For the year ended 31st December, 1905	31,000	16	4
Do. do. 1906	38,124	6	7
Do. do. 1907	32,110	16	4

The expenditure on advertising for the year 1907 exceeded that of the previous year by more than £6,000.

The sales for each of the above years show an increase when compared with the sales of the previous year.

We have abstracted the sales for the nine months to 30th September, 1908, and find that they show an increase when compared with the corresponding period in the previous year, the sales of the Export Department being more than double for the same period.

We are, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
FITZPATRICK, GRAHAM, GREENWOOD AND CO.

From the above certificate it will be seen that upon the present showing the Preference Dividend is covered nearly three times, but with the additional capital brought in by this issue, and the extension of the Foreign and Colonial Trade, the Directors anticipate materially larger profits.

The Book Debts at the 1st January, 1908, have been almost all collected. The Auditors estimate and the Vendors guarantee that the Book Debts will amount to at least £70,000 at the 1st January, 1909.

It will be seen, therefore, that the net assets to be taken over are £193,000, and the net proceeds of this issue, when fully subscribed, will provide an additional £80,000, making together the sum of £273,000.

The price to be paid for the freehold land and buildings, and the leasehold building, machinery, plant, stock, fixtures, fittings, furniture, book debts, and all goods appertaining to the business has been fixed by the Vendors at £320,000, of which the sum of £127,000 is for Goodwill. Such price will be satisfied by the allotment to the Vendors of 200,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, credited as fully paid, the balance of the purchase money, £120,000, being payable in cash.

By the Articles of Association the Vendors, Messrs. Joseph and Philip Phillips, bind themselves to serve as Directors for a period of 5 years, and Messrs. M. D. and J. H. S. and A. I. Phillips bind themselves to serve as Directors for a period of 7 years.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors will proceed to allotment is £170,000 of the Preference Shares now offered, of which amount £100,000 has been underwritten for a commission of 4 per cent. with an overriding commission of 1 per cent., which will be paid for by the Company, and £70,000 applied for firm by the Directors and their friends.

The Vendors to the Company are Joseph Phillips, Philip Phillips, M. David Phillips, J. H. Spencer Phillips, and Arthur I Phillips.

Whenever the profits of the Company of any year exceed the sum of £40,000, the Directors, other than the Preference Shares Director, shall be paid 10 per cent. of the excess, after providing for the reserve, and the remuneration aforesaid shall be divided amongst them in such proportions and manner as they may determine, and in default of such determination, equally. The Preference Shares Director shall receive a remuneration of £200 per annum.

A copy of the Memorandum of Association of the Company, and the names, addresses and descriptions of the signatories thereto, with the number of Shares taken by them, will be found printed in the fold of this Prospectus and forms part thereof.

The above-mentioned Certificates and a print of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company may be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company at any time between the hours of 11 and 4 o'clock on any day before the Subscription List is closed.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying this Prospectus, and sent, together with the amount payable on application to the Company's Bankers.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full; and when the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment, and any excess will be returned.

Failure to pay any instalment will render the shares allotted liable to forfeiture.

A brokerage of 3d. per Share will be paid by the Company on Shares allotted on application made on forms bearing a broker's stamp.

Application will in due course be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a special settlement and quotation for the Shares now offered.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company's Bankers, the London and County Banking Company, Limited, 180-182, High Street, Shoreditch, and Head Offices and Branches, and from the Brokers, Messrs. Myers and Co., 6, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

December 18th, 1908.

To comply with the Companies Acts this application can only be entertained if same is made on the footing of, and in reference to, the full prospectus which can be obtained as above.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LIMITED.

Issue of £200,000 6 per cent. Preference Shares of £1 each at £1 1s. 0d.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors of GODFREY PHILLIPS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. THE LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY LIMITED, the sum of £_____, being deposit of 1s. 0d. per Share on application for _____ Preference Shares of £1 each in your Company. I/we hereby request you will allot me/us such Shares, and hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted, on the terms of your prospectus dated December 18th, 1908, and Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and to make the further payments on the said Shares accordingly, and request you to place my/our name on the Register of Members of the Company in respect of the Shares allotted to me/us.

Please write Distinctly.

Signature _____
Name (in full. Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____
Address _____
Description _____

Date _____ December, 1908.

Signature _____

I/we desire to pay in full on allotment.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

ENGLISH JURIES COMPOSED OF ALIENS.

We have received the following very suggestive letter on this important subject from Mr. Raymond Needham :—

The English jury, though to some extent copied by Germany, France, and the United States of America, has long been the subject of discussion; but critics have been so strongly fascinated by the idea of destroying the system root and branch, that they have usually omitted to consider the possibilities of amelioration by skilful pruning and careful culture.

A *prima-facie* case exists against all historical institutions that have not developed step by step with the social conditions upon which they operate, but, curiously enough, present censure is directed against the provisions of a statute which has been in force less than forty years.

By the Jurors Act of 1870 (33 and 34 Vict. c. 77, s. 8), aliens (not otherwise disqualified) are liable (or qualified, according to the point of view) to serve on juries provided they have been domiciled here for ten years or upwards. This provision is a mischievous element in our juridical organisation.

The metropolis and the large provincial cities contain wide areas in which most of the inhabitants are aliens. These fall into four classes: Those who are entirely ignorant of English, those who know just enough to serve their everyday needs, those who speak or read moderately well, but find difficulty in understanding the spoken word, and those who may be said to have mastered our tongue. The last class is a small minority and does not come within the purview of this protest.

It is submitted that ten years' residence in a country is not in itself any guarantee that sufficient understanding of its language has been obtained. A normally intelligent person may readily master a tongue in that time—especially if he moves among the natives of his adopted land—but even if the people in our alien slums are normally intelligent, they do not come over here for the purpose of learning our language. Their motives for emigration are complex and need not now be analysed, but it is certain that their ambition in not linguistic, and that they do not acquire much English by herding together in Soho, or Whitechapel. And though many of them do, in the course of their trafficking, gain an ability to express themselves more or less intelligibly, they do not achieve that facility in understanding the expressions of others which should be the first qualification of anyone officiating in what is known as the administration of justice. For, as any student of modern languages knows to his chagrin, reading and speaking a language are one thing, but understanding it is another thing—far removed from the first.

It must, moreover, be remembered that the English one hears in a Court of Justice is not the easiest English to understand. Wherever the "well of English undefiled" may be, it is not there. The alien slum produces litigants, prisoners and witnesses, who speak our tongue with marked individuality, and members of the junior Bar, fresh from Oxford, are apt to forget that their accent is a little caviare to Saffron Hill. The result is such a strain on the alien juror's understanding as it is rarely able to support.

It may be argued that the accused has the right of challenge, and can object to the presence of any juror or jurors. But this right is practically limited to cases of treason or felony; for although there is in Civil actions a right of challenge for cause shown, it is seldom exercised; the parties, as a rule, having no knowledge of its existence.

If, moreover, the law is bad, the practice is worse; for no adequate steps are taken to prove the length of an alien's residence in this country. I have evidence of jury lists containing the names of aliens who have not been domiciled here anything like ten years, and I know at least one London County Court district where juries are often composed entirely of men understanding any language but the language of their adopted country. Aliens inform me that it is useless for them to protest against being sworn, the mere inability of a juror to follow the issue being regarded as trivial. The injustice is not less pronounced where the parties are themselves alien, for the proceedings are conducted in English; but the idea of English men and women being tried before a jury of aliens ignorant of the English tongue, should in itself be sufficient to warm up English blood to the point of reform.

As might be assumed, England is the only country which permits its natives to be tried before a tribunal unacquainted with its language. In France, for example, stringent precautions are taken against even one alien finding his way into the jury-box.

It is a curious coincidence that the year that gave us the Jurors Act, also produced the Naturalisation Act (33 and 34 Vict. c. 14, s. 5), which abolished the jury de Medietate Linguæ established by the Statute of Staple (Ed. 3). This Statute provided for the protection of foreign merchants temporarily in this country by allowing cases to be tried before a jury composed exclusively of foreigners if both parties were foreigners, or before a jury composed half of foreigners and half of Englishmen when one party was a foreigner and the other an Englishman. It will be observed that the elementary principle underlying this Statute, viz., that a jury should know what it is about, is precisely the elementary principle violated by Section 8 of the Jurors' Act of 1870.

I submit, therefore, that this section should be repealed and all aliens disqualified from serving as jurymen. They do not desire the honour and the honorarium can hardly tempt them. We thrust the one upon them, even if we do not force the other. The principle which impels us to offer an asylum to the foreigner should not lead us to give him a vital place in the administration of justice.

If, however, it is impossible to obtain the repeal of the whole offending section, I submit that it should be modified so as to compel the Clerk to the Court to satisfy himself that every member of a jury is competent to understand spoken English beyond the possibility of error.

If we are unable to deal radically with the whole jury system, we might at least take steps to improve it in detail, for George Meredith's jury, whose "long habit of dealing with scales enabled them to weigh the value of evidence most delicate," is an ideal institution compared with those parties of five aliens who sit with open mouths and closed ears in certain of our county courts, finding verdicts on facts they have not understood.

THE LATE SIR C. M. WARMINGTON, K.C.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the career of the late Sir Cornelius Marshall Warmington was that he never left the Bar for the Bench. A great Chancery lawyer, for many years, a "special," the holder of perhaps the safest seat in the kingdom, which he vacated to serve the then Leader of the House of Commons, it was generally expected that upon the return of the Liberals to office in 1906 he would be offered a seat upon the Bench, and possibly in the Court of Appeal. But whilst Mr. Fletcher Moulton was taken, Mr. Warmington was left. It was said at the time that Mr. Warmington was offered the Solicitor-Generalship in the new Government. If so, and he had accepted, it would have been, as with the late Lord Justice Rigby, a case of the square peg in the round hole. In Parliament Sir Cornelius Warmington will be chiefly remembered for the leading part he took in carrying the Directors' Liability Act, 1890, often known as Warmington's Act. He was very popular with the Bar, held most of the offices it was in its power to offer him, and last year was made a baronet.

LAW IN GUERNSEY.

If a Guernsey correspondent, who sends us a bitter complaint of the way in which justice is administered in his Island, does not go beyond the fact, it is high time that legal reform was taken in hand in that pleasant but somewhat archaic island :—

> "A man may be in business here," writes our correspondent, "owing money to many creditors. One of these creditors, without bringing him before the Court, can obtain an arrest, and turn him out of his business at a moment's notice, without consulting another creditor. If no other arrest is made within so many days the arresting creditor has the preference over all others."

We find it difficult to believe that this is a correct interpretation of Guernsey law, although our correspondent is a responsible man. Perhaps one of our Guernsey readers who is a lawyer will make some comments upon the letter we have quoted.

THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.

"A CO-PARTNERSHIP SCHEME."

With reference to the article under this heading, published in our issue of December 12, a correspondent writes :—

"The article is surely an instance of a mistake on the part of JOHN BULL, and conveys a somewhat erroneous impression of the Hampstead Garden Suburb.

"There are 240 acres in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, 2 miles of frontage to Hampstead Heath, on two-thirds of which houses range in price from £700 to £4,000.

"The Co-partnership scheme with which you have wrongly identified the Hampstead Garden Suburb is a private venture carried on at the northern end of the estate, about one mile away from the Heath extension.

"As a resident in the suburb with friends amongst satisfied purchasers of houses erected by the Garden Suburb Development Company, I am sure you will be willing to correct the wrong impression of the Hampstead Garden Suburb conveyed by your article, and having the pamphlet issued by the Garden Suburb Development Company by me, I enclose it, as it will better explain the aims of the promoters, and gives some idea of the excellent lines the Company is working on.

"With regard to the criticisms passed on the Co-partnership houses, the bye-laws relating to height of rooms, light, &c., are practically the same all over the country, and these houses are, of course, erected under those in force here.

"It is evident from 'B. A.'s' remarks as to 'angles' and what he is pleased to call 'fantastic designs,' that his sympathies are all with the speculative builder, who, as a rule, builds this type of house in the long straight, monotonous rows we are all only too familiar with, and places his windows such as those to the larders at the back of the houses, quite irrespective of aspect or suitability."

CONFESSIONS OF A FAMOUS MEDIUM.—III.

STORY OF THE GREAT "SCIENTIFIC" HOAX.

Flukes and Physiognomy.

By Douglas Blackburn.

It is a significant fact that Messrs. M. and G. do not appear to have been cognizant of this emphatically weak point in their Telepathic experiments. At any rate, I have not been able to find in any of their voluminous writings anything that would suggest this. It is also equally certain that if they were not alive to the well-known fact that they as observers might give an unconscious nd ication which would help the experimenter, they ought to have been; for on several occasions when I was ctin g as "sensitive," they helped me unintentionally, the ollow ing being a leading case:—

A number of varied articles—books, ornaments, pipes, etc.—are placed on a table while I am out of the room in charge of G. S. touches certain articles indicated by M., and is taken to another part of the house. I am then brought into the room and have to find out what articles S. has touched. The theory was that S. seated in a distant room could, by strongly picturing the article, influence my passive will, and cause me to see and pick out the article his mind was on. Mr. Myers was, for some reason which I now forget, very keen on this particular experiment. We had performed it successfully several times when S. and myself were within sound of each other. This time G. took S. to a distant room, and we both realised that the wires were down. We had, however, always made it a rule to appear to court rather than object to the imposition of more stringent tests, even when, as in this case, we knew they doomed the experiment to failure. I made a great pretence of endeavouring to catch and feel the influence I knew S. was not exerting, passing my hands over the articles like a hawk ready to swoop upon its prey. While my fingers hovered hesitatingly over a book, I was conscious that M. gave a little start. I took the hint, indicated the book boldly, and was rewarded by an approving sigh from the excited "scientific observer," who could not restrain saving expression to his satisfaction, despite his efforts to appear philosophically indifferent. I continued to watch M. for signs, and succeeded in indicating successfully seven out of the eight objects that had been touched by S. Mr. Myers was delighted, and accepted the experiment as such conclusive evidence of the existence of telepathic sympathy between S. and myself that when the trick was repeated he did not consider it necessary to send S. out of the room! Can it be wondered at that in the face of such guileless innocence we could not resist giving these scientific observers all they asked for?

It was another case of the old story. One inspires confidence, and Faith is enthroned as Lord of All. The hypnotic business of S. was so unquestionably genuine, and my telepathic flukes so obviously not to be explained by fraud, that these trusting souls were quite prepared to accept all we offered subsequently without question, which may be very complimentary and flattering, but it is not strictly scientific.

And apropos of this unconscious assistance given me by Mr. Myers, I would emphasise the fact that many of the reported experiments by others show signs of having been rendered successful by the same cause. If anyone cares to take the trouble to test it he will find, with a little practice, that one of the most difficult things for any person to do is to maintain absolute immobility while any act in which he is interested is in progress. Even the most cautious will betray themselves by one or more of a hundred signs of which they are not only unconscious, but are quite satisfied they never made. The vulgar, but really psychological game of "Coddam" or "Tip it" affords a striking illustration of this contention. The game consists in a person endeavouring to guess in which hand out of six or eight a coin is concealed. There are players famous for their skill in finding it by reading signs and faces. About the period I was dabbling in Thought Reading my success as a "worker" at this game was often little short of marvellous. Some people are read as easily as if transparent. It is of these that psychic sensitives are made, and of such were undoubtedly many of the unconscious assistants in the unintentional receptions which have taken in earnest but incautious psychical researchers.

It may be urged that as they grew in wisdom, Messrs. Myers and Gurney became more astute, and took greater and more vigorous precautions. I cannot, of course, answer for what occurred at hundreds of private séances which went to build up the mass of evidence on which telepathy claims to be established, but I do know that most of the reported cases in which the results are illustrated by diagrams bear out my suggestion that the sign of the code is over them. They show precisely the same kind of weakness, and at the same spot as did the experiments of S. and myself when we had to deal with irregular diagrams. So long as the thing to be visualised is one which can be described in words, the diagram drawn by the percipient is clear and very near the original. As soon as the triangle has a side or corner out of drawing, or the geometrical design has no recognised name for it, the reproduction becomes blotchy, wild and wide.

I particularly commend this circumstance to the attention of the observant, and ask them to expound a theory explaining the very odd coincidence.

How Reichenbach was "Proved."

Another good case occurs to me, illustrating the flimsy foundation on which evidence in support of a theory may be built.

Some elaborate experiments were carried out under the direction of Dr. Wylde to prove the assertion of the German scientist Reichenbach that certain sensitives are able to perceive magnetic emanations in the dark. At the rooms of the S.P.R. at Dean's Yard, Westminster, a scientifically darkened room was fitted up with an electric magnet. Sensitives were placed there in a darkness that was almost felt, and were asked to call out when they saw a pale blue flame issuing from the poles of the magnet, which was secretly and silently charged at irregular intervals. S. and I sat there long, but saw nothing. At later tests S. saw all that the German scientist had described. He would call out, "Yes—gone! Yes; gone again!"—and described the pale blue emanation, his cries synchronising exactly with the turning on or off of the current. "How did you manage it?" I enquired. For answer he opened his mouth and showed me a steel pen nib. By placing his head between the poles of the magnet, the movement of the nib acquainted him when he ought to see the light. That experiment was regarded as quite conclusive. There is another moral in this simple story. It shows how much evidence of psychic phenomena depends upon the good faith of the percipient.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii. of Cover.

EPITAPH ON LICENSING BILL.

Pause, stranger, ere you onward go,
A Licensing Bill lies below,
Not dead alone, but damned also.

Fathered by Fanatic Spite,
Born of an intemperate Temperance Party,
Its life, though brief,
Was long enough to set the Country by the ears
And to stir in the hearts of the British People
A latent sense of Justice
Which was its Doom!
Robery, Spoliation, and Confiscation
Were the objects of its Existence,
The which dishonest purposes, however,
It vainly endeavoured to conceal
By a pretended Zeal
For Temperance Reform.
It was
The Personification of Party Hatred, Humbug, and Hypocrisy,
And now occupies
A warm and well-merited Position
In the Bottomley's Pit.

Walter Moore.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

BRITISH ASPECTS OF A MERRY WIDOW.

I gather from the appreciative letter of introduction which Mrs. Carrie Nation has sent to Mrs. Pankhurst that she will presently arrive in London. This warlike lady has earned an international reputation by her campaign of saloon-smashing in Kansas. That American State having been made too hot for her, she has sought a new field of enterprise in Scotland, and when she last caught my eye was assailing inoffensive barmaids and peaceable publicans with words of wrath and scorn in Bonnie Dundee, where the marmalade comes from. Though she has her battle-axe with her, up to the time of going to press she has not even broken a whisky bottle. She had, however, begun describing all the public-houses as hell-holes, so that she is probably warming up to the point of upsetting somebody's beer. In that case I beseech her to take care that it is not a closing-time policeman's.

The police authorities appear to have been thus far very lenient with the merry widow, for she has not been run in once. Whether she will be equally lucky in London will, I suppose, depend on whether she is found on licensed premises inebriated by the exuberance of her own verbosity, refuses to leave when requested to do so, obstructs the footpath, assembles to create a nuisance, or loiters in a suspicious manner. In his way the Chief Commissioner of Police is rather a particular man, and Mrs. Nation may find her prohibition campaign ingloriously terminated by the removal of its chief director to a place of safety and seclusion. I understand that at present her favourite food is bread and fruit. In the place where she will get to if she is not careful on coming to London she will not receive any fruit, but she will find the bread plenteous and filling.

But I will not anticipate. In order that I may not misunderstand the earthly purport of the lady with the hostelry chopper, a teetotal correspondent has been good enough to send me a copy of that great work, "The Use and Need of the Life of Carrie A. Nation." Having read it with patience and fortitude, I have to say that I still fail to perceive either the use of Carrie or the need of Carrie. That she has had two husbands seems to have been her misfortune and not her beauty; that she neither drinks, nor smokes, nor takes snuff, and once founded a newspaper to prove she was not insane, is in no way to her discredit; on the other hand, I cannot see that it is anything to make a fuss about. And it is sad to learn that on one occasion, after she had entered a certain Kansas "dive" without invitation or intent to purchase refreshment, smashed up twelve cases of beer, and made holes in the boss's best mirror, he held her while a crowd of non-prohibitionist ladies beat her with their fists, whipped her with a raw hide, pulled her hair, and kicked her into the middle of the next week. But those who make war must suffer war. The boss probably realised that by all the laws of chivalry he could not whip her himself, so he simply detained her to be judged by a jury of her peers. But juries of matrons are seldom or never assembled in London, where it is found more convenient to pay policemen 28s. a week.

Mrs. Nation states in her biography that "God has blessed the mission of the hatchet." If that is so, I am surprised that in Scotland, resigned unto the heavenly will, she does not carry on the business still. From what I can gather of her mission in that enterprising country, she is shamefully betraying her sacred trust, for the public-houses there are as whole and as sound as ever they were. Instead of acting by divine afflatus, chopping them up for firewood with her consecrated hatchet, and flooding the streets of Glasgow and Dundee with Bass's best and Buchanan's bounty, all she has done has been to scream at barmaids and pose to the photographer of the *Daily Mirror*. She was invited over by the Scotch prohibitionists to destroy the liquor traffic, but up to date she has not got beyond a futile scream. And when it comes to screaming, Carrie can take my word for it that militant enthusiasts on stump for the pump in this country do not stand in need of extraneous feminine assistance. They are invariably in good voice.

What, then, *is* the use and need of Carrie—in this country, anyhow? She does not use her hatchet, though, according to her, it has the divine blessing, and nobody needs her tongue, for it is not convincing. She says in this biography of hers that "it is her place to meddle with the devil's business." But why come all the way across the Atlantic to meddle with it, even supposing that assuaging the thirst of the multitude is a branch of it? Why not continue to meddle with it in America to any extent allowable under the laws and constitution of her native land? If it will comfort her in any way, I beg her to accept my assurance that as soon as ever the freeborn Briton is convinced that the non-alcoholic beverages are necessary to his salvation, he will get religion right away, and smashing public-houses, or even shouting at the barmaids in them, will be a work of supererogation, for they will voluntarily shut up for want of custom. In the meantime he is waiting for light and indulging in comfort.

INDEPENDENT EXPERT ADVICE on all insurance matters. Existing policies examined and criticised in the interests of the insurer and their weak points disclosed. Before renewing existing policies and before taking out new ones consult the **INSURANCE ADVICE ASSOCIATION**, 21, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. Invalid lives and hazardous risks insured on most advantageous terms.

ASSISTANT SURVEYOR OF TAXES EXAMINATIONS.

QUEER TRICKS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

In September last 102 candidates sat for examination for six appointments of Assistant Surveyor of Taxes. The subjects were special to the office, and the entrance fee was £5. This examination was announced on the 14th July last, and the regulations issued with the applications for admission gave no indication whatever of any approaching alteration. But after the last date for receiving applications for admission, 20 appointments as Assistant Surveyors of Taxes were offered to 19 of the unsuccessful candidates at the Exchequer and Audit examination held in July last. The age limits for the A.S. Taxes examination were 19-22; those for the Exchequer and Audit were 18½-19½, the fee is £3, and no subjects dealing with Taxes work are included.

To action already taken by a Member of Parliament in this matter, the following reply from the Board of Inland Revenue was received:—

"In connection with a recent re-organisation of the Taxes Branch, it was decided to increase the staff by 20, and to fill these future vacancies by candidates in the Junior Appointments (the Exchequer and Audit, etc.) examinations. Nineteen were therefore take from the last July examination. These posts were not vacancies in the ordinary way, but appointments specially created, and no one was entitled to expect that the appointments would be offered for competition at any particular examination. At the same time, as a concession, an examination on the old lines was held for six places, to fill normal vacancies, and candidates were chosen from the September examination."

To explain this, it should be stated that, since the date of the Taxes examination on September 14th, and without any preliminary warning, as has been already pointed out, the examination for Assistant Surveyors of Taxes was altered to that for Junior Appointments. The age limits were also altered, the result being that many who competed in September are now unable again to compete.

The reorganisation in the Taxes Branch, referred to by the Board of Inland Revenue, was really forced upon them by the pressure of work in that Branch. It would have been necessary to increase the number of Assistants whether there had been a reorganisation or not. It was well known that such an increase must take place. Candidates entered the examination with that knowledge. It is altogether misleading to speak of the 20 places as "new places." They were caused by normal increase in the work. Thus, in July, '07, 30 vacancies were announced. Subsequently they were increased to 60, but in all 73 were appointed. In February, '07, five vacancies were advertised, but 55 candidates were appointed.

There was no just reason why the precedent of those examinations should have been set aside. The candidates, in the absence of any intimation to the contrary, were certainly justified in expecting similar treatment, especially as the published regulations said that it would be so. It is a lame answer to say that the September examination was a concession. It was publicly announced in July, 1908, some time before the reorganisation of the Taxes had been approved, or even proposed. The official reply is therefore incorrect in this respect also.

The decision to take unsuccessful candidates, with lower qualifications, from one examination to fill vacancies which, under regulations, were pledged to candidates in another then being held, is without precedent, and surely calls for redress. The decision of the Civil Service Commission is contrary to the requirements of public efficiency. It is a breach of the published regulations. It had no reason either of policy or urgency to justify it. It is an unjustifiable and arbitrary blighting of the prospects of men who would otherwise have received these positions in the Civil Service.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd., have sent us an assortment of their world-famed crackers—which this year exceed in ingenuity and get-up anything hitherto achieved, even by this premier firm.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas holidays, our next week's issue will be published on Wednesday morning, Dec. 23rd, instead of Thursday, the 24th. It will contain a large variety of interesting Christmas reading, including "A Great Christmas Conspiracy," by Radcliffe Martin; "His Little List: A Too True Christmas Story," by Walter Moore; and "A Merry Christmas," by "Jim Crow."

HENNESSY

THAT IS ALL
YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT

BRANDY.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Guildhall does.
That with all the Bills, the Government is not getting much credit.
That the Labour Members are the victims of improper levy-ty.
That the Crown Prince of Servia's favourite song is, "I'm following in Father's Footsteps."
That they call it the Albert Haul now.
That a motor presented to a bishop means "get about your business."
That the victorious Haytian rebel leader is known as "Simple Simon."
That the Kaiser is studying resignation.
That Mrs. Carrie Nation is a good specimen of "temperance."
That the rumoured scarcity of mistletoe is causing alarm amongst the Suffragettes.
That the Lords are not anxious to "amend."

"The Coast of Chance" is the title of a newspaper serial. It sounds wreckless.

"Dead Woman Worker who Wrote Many Verses at Leicester"—is a recent newspaper heading.

A cycling sub-editor has collided with a motoring K.C. Not the first time the Press and the Bar have come into violent collision.

"His name is Edwin, but we call him George for short," said a witness, recently. Surely "Ted" would be shorter by half.

The L.C.C. Progressives refuse to be represented on the new Traffic Board. They of all men should be interested in progress.

The *Mauretania* is undergoing repairs. This will render her "moor" useful.

The Vienna *Zeitung* says children prefer money to any other form of gift. So do grown-ups.

Apropos our recent article on "Ranji and His Debts," it is pointed out that he often "paid" our English bowlers to the tune of a hundred or so.

Gin is still used as a medium of exchange on the Niger. To liquidate debts, we presume.

"The rogue is an exceedingly stupid person," says a contemporary. Yet he lives by his wits.

"Education is a splendid opportunity," says Mr. J. L. Paton. Also, opportunity is a splendid education.

A scarcity of curates is complained of. We thought the Church had plenty of "spare" men.

Judge Willis says a man is no good for work until he is fifty. Is that why we then send him to the workhouse?

"Burglars in a Dog-cart," reads a heading. Swagger "swaggers."

The referee of a Paignton football match, who was chased and assaulted by the crowd, knows more about "free kicks" now.

The Americanism, "the marble laugh," is, no doubt, closely related to "the stony stare."

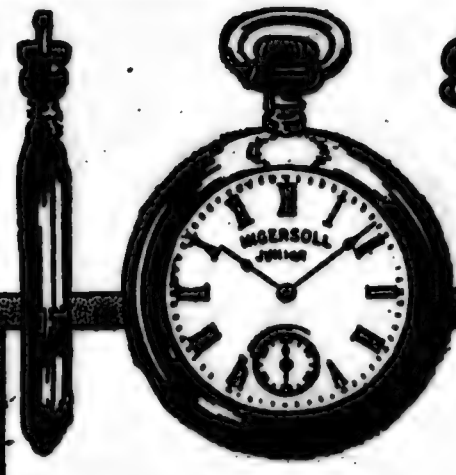
"Women are not such physical cowards as some men are apt to believe," says the *Weekly Dispatch*. True; we know women who are afraid of nothing.

A Miss Wing has disappeared. Paying a flying visit, perhaps?

Suffragettes who parade the streets dressed in the garb of Holloway must not wonder if spectators take an arrow view of their cause.

The lady Suffragist who pleaded her cause before the Lords should be known henceforth as the Upper House-maid.

THINGS WE CANNOT ALWAYS DO:—
See the point on the spur of the moment.
Drive a nail home without a head.
Make light of dark times.
Keep cool when in hot water.
Avoid the blues when done brown.
Make a hit with our Mrs.
Find a man strong enough to stand a loan.
Lick a man by holding our tongue.
Draw a big screw with a nigger driver.
Arm against the hand of Fate.
Drive a bargain with a bad horse.
Find the impostor out when taken in.
Lead a man a dance when he has had his fling.



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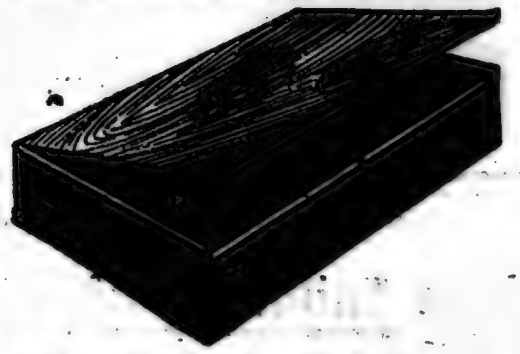

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In size and appearance Carabenas are something between a Cheroot and a Cigar, an ideal size—just enough for an enjoyable smoke.

To help you in rightly judging these we would remind you that Manilla cheroots were once world-famous, but were killed by new tariffs and the Philippine war, the best and choicest came from the Cagayan Estate, and it is fine Old Cagayan that is embodied in "Carabenas." The Havana adds character to these little smokes, and the Borneo is from the best of the Darvel Bay Estates, its effect in Carabenas is to ripen and mellow them.

Write for a Sample Box; they are sure to please.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Special Notice.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* enquiries *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* only those of general interest *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

Corporal C. G. H. Steer, 20th Company, A.S.C., wishes us to point out, apropos the recent case of Corporal Steer and Private Bramby Browne, R.A.M.C. (Aldershot), that the Corporal in question was *Second* Corporal Steer, C. Supply Company, A.S.C., and not himself. We gladly make the announcement.

H. P. C. (Whitstable).—We did notice that you were quite right in your prognostications of the weather, according to the planets. But you were not so lucky in saying that we should have fine weather until November 17th. Still, fine weather is perhaps a matter of opinion.

N. M. (Fenchurch Street).—It is a bit late to criticise the lavatory accommodation at the White City.

"Humanity" (Hornsey) is very angry with a Peterborough guardian for wanting to discontinue the heating of the tramp wards at night. Surely this depends upon the state of the weather. We have not been having a fire in our bedroom just lately.

P. L. v. D. B. (Kennington) wants us to protest against the fact that he is unable to obtain temporary employment from the Post Office for Christmas-time. For our part, we certainly think that the Post Office are quite right in giving preference to people with British names.

R. C. H. (Birkenhead).—Where have you been that you only became aware of our existence the other day? We were indeed gratified to hear that, if your number was announced on November 28th, you intended to become an annual subscriber. We have already made Jim Crow tipsy on the strength of your generous promise. And he threatens to take the next train for Monte Carlo.

T. G. T. (Redcar) writes: "What a scourge of the unrighteous you are! My word, as the saying goes, if you catch anyone bending!" He thinks we have been caught in that position because we gave the young lady who advertised her tail two biscuits instead of one, but we always endeavour to be generous to the fair sex. In the case of a tail, this is only chevalrous. Faugh!

L. E. L. (Derby), writing on Guy Fawkes' Day, asks if we dare insert the following biscuit: For celebrating the failure of (1) the attempt to destroy a worthless monarch, and (2) the preservation of Parliament, the boys of England take the biscuit. L. E. L. evidently thinks we are easily frightened.

H. J. J. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Glad you had such a good time at the Commercial Travellers' Schools. Always glad to hear both sides.

"Leo" (Carlton) asks whether it is a fact that Jim Crow was at the Licensing Bill demonstration and is engaged to a widowed Suffragette with two nice daughters. Mrs. Crow answers both questions in the negative.

"Another Ass" (Loughborough Park), having read the *Academy* lately, suggests the following revised version of our Byron quotation:

"The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who tug,
And the greatest of all is Lord A.,
Who studies to hide his long lug."

He goes on to cite Varro: "*Omnium stultissimi qui auriculas studiose tegunt.*"

L. T. (Maida Vale) complains about his treatment by the London Commercial Association (90, Cannon Street, E.C.), which professes to find employment for persons who pay fees.

H. E. H. F. (Harpenden) says "the libel which Wm. Le Queux attaches to our beloved Bobs" in comparing him to Peter Karageorgevitch "ought to secure the writer twelve months in one of his murderer-friend's dungeons." A representation shall be made in the proper quarter.

G. E. (Southwark).—Yes, on conviction of desertion, you lose former service and medals. Subsequent good service, however, will restore you both. When you are *three years* clear of a *regimental entry* apply to your commanding officer for restoration of your medals and service. You will get them without any trouble.

"One Who Knows" (Nottingham) says the usual price paid to chorus girls on tour is £1 to £1 5s. a week, and that some only get their fares paid. Well, they need not go unless they like.

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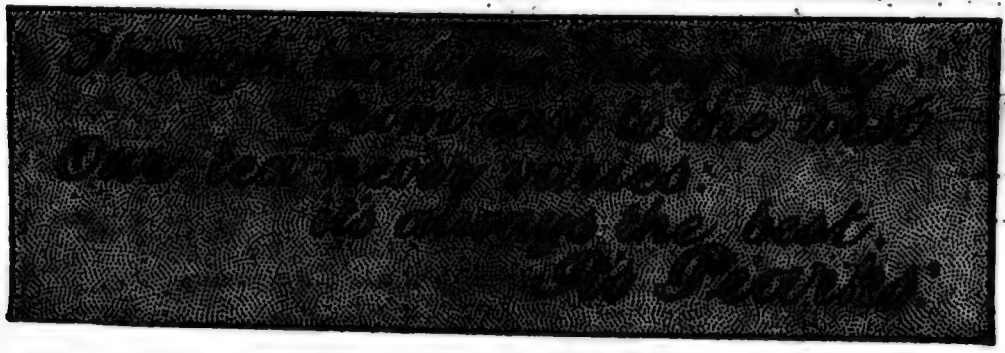

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You are adding considerably to the value of your tooth-cleaning by first dipping the brush into a tin of

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Price 6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 2/-. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the tooth-brush, ask for our new package—a glass jar with sprinkler top, 1/- nett. For trial sample send a penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (JB Dept.), Manchester.

J. B. R. (Chelmsford).—We cannot advise you to buy a Dictaphone. It may fill your mouth with fragments of wax.

"Fair Play" (Aberdeen) says the waste in the Civil Service is perfectly disgraceful. He sends us a vulgar address issued by an unsuccessful candidate in a local election.

W. (Finchley) says that the table of Prohibited Degrees is not part of the Prayer Book, although bound up with it, and is merely a statement of those relationships for which marriage is forbidden "in Scripture and our laws." He contends that marriage with a deceased wife's sister being now legalised, the table should be revised by the King's printers. He says the Bishop of Norwich does not allude to the table, but falls back on "the prohibition of the 28th canon," but that canons have no authority, except under the Act of Supremacy, which expressly stipulates that 'any canon contrarient to common or statute law or to the customs of the realm is null and void." Now we know.

"A Conductor" (Greenwich) asks if we can imagine anything more absurd than the collars of the coats provided for L.C.C. drivers and conductors. He says the collars ought to have flaps, so as to button across the chest, and that they soon impart a slovenly appearance. He also wants a deep outside breast pocket for his way-bill book.

P. B. (Hampstead).—Your complaint *re* the Queen's Album is a very general one. It is rough on the trade.

"Sister Bessie" (Cleveland Street) has been very busy agitating on behalf of the barmaids. She says Sir Thomas Whittaker "is the grandfather of the Licensing Bill—he owns shares in a little house not far away." Tut-tut!

H. B. (Manchester) says that in hospitals "poor women are subjected to unnecessary examinations, little or no regard is paid to female modesty, and consequently many women would rather suffer at the risk of their lives than seek relief at hospitals." He thinks more lady doctors ought to be employed. But we never met a lady who wanted to consult a lady doctor.

A. F. (Shoreditch) does not see why fat men should not be employed as firemen, but they probably frizzle more easily.

J. W. (Dundee) wants a biscuit for a paper which printed the heading "Morning expected to-night," but the *Morning* is a whaling vessel, and J. W. must have known that quite well. How dare he try to pull our leg?

"Nil Desperandum" applied for an inspectorship in what he calls "the National Society for Cruelty to Children." After filling up a form with "a pageant of his life's history and a character that will stand the light of day," he was told "there are so many applicants, some must be disappointed." We do not see why he thinks there must be "some jiggery-pokery."

A. E. P. (South Ockenden) wants, not only a chess column, but a draughts column. Shall we also have a skittle column?

H. S. (Bloomsbury) says "the Post Office employees *do* eat the wedding cake that is sent through the post." A friend of his went into a small sub-Post Office, and was astonished to see the young lady clerk take a parcel and dash it to the ground. Her first impression was that the young lady had suddenly become demented, but, when asked for an explanation, the clerk said that the parcel had accidentally slipped from her hands, and, being badly packed, the cake had fallen out. The two had wedding cake during the afternoon and wedding cake for tea, and even enough to put under their pillows and dream of future husbands. Our correspondent adds that it is quite usual to slip the wrappers off magazines and pictorials and "enjoy a good read," but he supposes that, in the case of John Bull, the temptation is too great to be resisted.

"A Reader" (Sheffield) read in some paper that the Archbishop of York had resigned his see. He took the trouble to tear this out and send it to us, with the remark that he thought "this would look well among your biscuits." What strange folk do creep into the august circle of our readers!

F. J. B. (Fulham) and others have been exercised by our biscuits about a shot in the face which landed a bullet in a man's heart. They say that the heart must have been in the mouth. This is very quick trans-substantiation.

T. V. (York).—We hope all this adulation of old Theodore Roosevelt will now come to an end. We note your cutting from the *Leeds Mercury* that "it has been said of him that, if he goes to a funeral he might be taken for the chief mourner, and at a wedding for the bride." Now, perhaps, for the corpse.

J. W. (Sheffield) entered a competition in the *Police Budget*, and received a typewritten letter from the London Phonograph Company stating that he was entitled to a full-sized phonograph and twelve records on payment of 5s. 11d. He sent this and a further 3s. 6d. for "flowered horn." This was on August 8th, but since then he has not even had the flowered horn, though he has written several times. He had better consult the police.

H. F. McL. (Old Kent Road) and one hundred and four other unjust persons have been unnecessarily perturbed by our phrase "the children want soleing and heeling." Naturally we had their shoes in our minds. If we had thought they wanted patching, we should not have conveyed the idea that they wanted surgical operations, at least, if they lived south of the border.

L. S. (Kensingtoh).—We have had our say to Ranji, and gladly leave the topic.

"Remington" (London).—Glad to hear the 2s. 4d. is still in your pocket. Long may it remain there!

E. F. (Connaught Club).—"Lying at anchor off the coast at Switzerland" was probably intended as a small joke.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, have sent us specimens of some marvellously artistic productions in the way of Christmas cards and other seasonable novelties. Like Tom Smith's and their crackers, Raphael Tuck stand out by themselves in the matter of Christmas cards.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lothian.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

The Favourite Selling 'Chaser.

Dear old Adansi—as the little horse is affectionately termed—achieved the popular win of the week, and, of course, at Sandown. There can be no question but that the public sympathy is with his splendid sportsman-owner.

The Work Tells on Them.

How vastly different—clean and bloodlike—do the recruits to jumping in Maiden hurdle races appear to the eye after the veteran, bad-legged, patched-up old 'chasers—but into which category they themselves will before long "migrate."

A Different Game.

Jumping introduces quite a new set of horses; in fact, the three-year-olds, and those who will provide the cracks of the season, such as Redmond and Jealousy, were practically unknown, unnoticed, or forgotten, as performers on the flat.

The Newmarket Sales.

Newmarket's "December" Sales, which were established only a few years ago, have become quite an international institution. The catalogue contains some 900 lots, embracing every class of thoroughbred, and buyers attend from all parts of the world. The total amount realised runs into hundreds of thousands, despite the cry, every season, that times are bad, and that there is no money for blood-stock. This is absolutely incorrect, when the thoroughbreds submitted are worth being purchased, and last week wonderful prices were obtained.

A Suggestion.

Relative to meetings like Doncaster, I have a suggestion to make, the outcome of observing how the crowd lacked and missed the use of a race-card being the main reason for this proposal. There is no truer sportsman than your *occasional* attendant, who takes interest in every possible thing that happens, and likes to follow and identify each jockey, horse and incident. Many of them—especially those who only pay 1s. to roam about on the course—cannot afford 6d. for a race-card—or think it extravagant—so they bring with them every class of literature, books of form, or, more likely, cuttings from the morning issues, giving the programme, with the names of the arrivals or probable runners. As these are not numbered like race-cards, paper programmes are often very misleading, and, moreover, give no colours, which, to the great majority, are unknown from memory. Therefore, quite half the pleasure of these very occasional attendants is spoiled. My proposal would be that on such public holiday dates as a Leger day, which, in the main, belong to the multitude—race-cards should be REDUCED to 3d. This would enable nearly EVERYBODY present to possess one, for the charge is reasonable; and it would be better to sell *twice* as many at half rate, than a limited number at the full figure, only to have a great many left over after the meeting absolutely useless. Moreover, the cards themselves cost very little—after the main expense of "setting up" it is almost immaterial whether 5,000 or 20,000 are printed. I always consider that racegoers should be PRESENTED with their official card, as is the case abroad and in the Colonies, and similarly in many of our theatres. Pending the time of this unquestioned eventual grant by race executives, it would be an advisable stepping-stone to reduce the cost on these big dates, just as the entrance fee is now similarly minimised for these special occasions. Don't spoil the ship for the proverbial ha'porth of tar.

Prophetic.

At Newbury to-day (Thursday)

THE DRUDGE

will about win the Berks Handicap—BIRIELI and DENMARK their respective minor races. Lingfield on Friday should spell success for CUSTOM HOUSE, in the Winter Handicap, and for the unlucky

IRISH WISDOM

over the three miles of Saturday's Stewards' Steeplechase.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, AND HAS WORN NO TRUSS FOR OVER SIX YEARS.

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day

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TIME RUPTURED?..... AGE?.....

RIGHT, LEFT, OR BOTH SIDES, OR NAVEL? .....

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

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USE OATINE CREAM

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11385; 11572; 16268; 20119; 21000; 33385; 34975; 39770; 46223; 47918; 51243; 58927; 62254; 69249; 75537; 85358; 90058; 90153; 102847; 104380; 111982; 127919; 135722; 141947; 141988; 156010; 163911; 172391; 173282; 178521; 180015; 189476; 199616; 200200 201487; 213247; 226133; 230082; 240165; 240352; 244465; 249116; 254276; 259476; 264486; 265943; 269243; 273004; 275131; 285490.

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